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CAT-MAN

MAY

COMICS *10

10¢



co-starring
The **DEACON**
and MICKEY!
RAGMAN • HOOD • VOLTON
PIED PIPER • BLACK FRIDAY
AND MANY OF THE MOST UNUSUAL
COMIC CHARACTERS

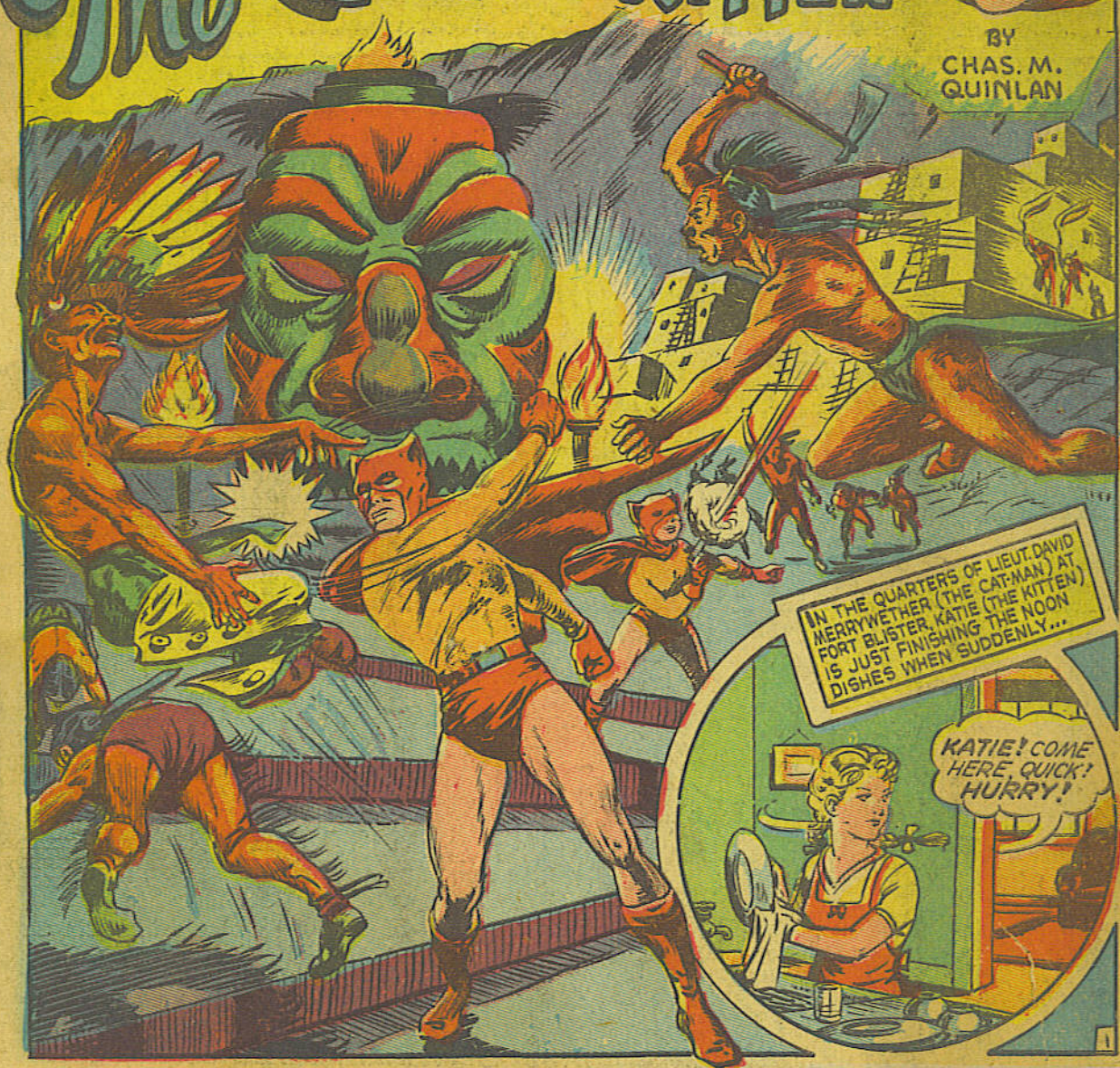


WEB COMIC
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The CAT-MAN

and the
KITTEN

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN



COLONEL TOMKINS, THE COMMANDING OFFICER, IS ALSO INTERRUPTED AS HE FINISHES HIS LUNCH -- ??

BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM -- BOOM-BOOM

HEY, PADDY!
WHAT'S ALL THAT
CONFOUNDED
DRUMMING?

I DON'T
KNOW, BUT
I'LL SEE
SIR!

QUICK SOR!
IT'S INDIANS!
SOR, A WHOLE
BLOODY TRIBE
OF 'EM!

SHADES OF GENERAL
CUSTER! WHAT IN BLUE
BLAZES ARE THEY DOING
IN THIS ARMY CAMP?

AS THE COLONEL AND PADDY (HIS ORDERLY) DASH OUTSIDE, A SIGHT LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE HISTORICAL PAGES OF THE OLD WEST APPEARS BEFORE THEIR STARTLED EYES!



INDIANS! HUNDREDS OF THEM IN FULL REGALIA ARE PARADING THROUGH THE ARMY POST!

GOOD AFTERNOON,
SIR! QUITE A
SIGHT, ISN'T IT?

IT IS, IT IS INDEED, VERY
IMPRESSIVE-- NOW MERRY
WETHER, FIND OUT WHAT
IN THUNDER THEY'RE
DOING HERE!

GEE!

BE JABBERS, KATIE
ME COLLEEN, IT LOOKS
LIKE A WHOPPIN' BIG
WILD WEST SHOW!



HALT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?



I AM CHIEF LONE WOLF, THESE MY PEOPLE--WE ARE OF THE KYOTO TRIBE OF OKLAHOMA--WE ARE GOING TO BE YOUR NEIGHBORS!



OH INDEED, DO YOU INTEND TO CAMP NEAR HERE?

NO, NO CAMP HERE, GO LIVE IN PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLINGS-- OTHER SIDE MOUNTAIN!



WELL, I GUESS THAT'S O.K. -- BUT WHY THE PARADE THROUGH OUR CAMP? YOU CAN'T DO THAT WITHOUT PERMISSION, YOU KNOW!



SO SORRY, BUT IT IS OLD CUSTOM MY PEOPLE, ALWAYS LET OTHER TRIBES SEE WHO COMES, IF WELCOME THEY DO NOTHING-- IF NOT WELCOME START FIGHT! WE NO STAY! OLD CUSTOM MY PEOPLE!



WELL, WE'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT YOU, SO I GUESS THAT MAKES YOU WELCOME--ALLRIGHT CHIEF, YOU MAY PROCEED!



AS THE STRANGE
CARAVAN SLOWLY
WENDS ITS WAY
OUT OF THE
ARMY CAMP--
A SERGEANT
STANDING IN
THE SHADOW OF
ONE OF THE
TENTS, SCRATCHES
HIS HEAD IN
WONDERMENT??

SOMEHOW THIS
DON'T LOOK
JUST RIGHT
TO ME--HMM
GUESS I'LL SEE
THE LIEUTENANT!



OH, LIEUTENANT!
LIEUTENANT MERRY-
WETHER, MAY I
SPEAK TO YOU A
MOMENT!

HELLO
KATIE?

OH--HELLO
SERGEANT
BROWN--
SURE, WHAT'S
ON YOUR MIND?

HELLO
"TEEPEE"!



WELL YOU SEE SIR,
IT'S ABOUT THEM ER-
INDIANS! THEY ER--



OH YES, OF COURSE
SERGEANT, THEY'RE
YOUR PEOPLE AND
YOU THINK WE SHOULD
BE A LITTLE MORE
HOSPITABLE AND
GIVE THEM A
FEED, EH? A GOOD
IDEA SERGEANT,
I'LL SEND AN
ORDERLY AFTER
THEM AT ONCE!

OH NO SIR, ABSOLUTELY NOT
SIR-- BECAUSE I DON'T
BELIEVE THEY ARE INDIANS
AT ALL SIR-- THAT'S WHAT
I WANTED
TO TELL
YOU!



NOT INDIANS? HAVE
YOU BEEN DRINKING
SERGEANT? IF THEY
ARE NOT INDIANS,
WHAT
ARE THEY?

WELL SIR,
I THINK
THEY'RE
JAPANESE!



SERGEANT, IF WHAT YOU SAY IS
TRUE-- THE WHOLE OF FORT
BLISTER IS IN EXTREME DANGER!
WE SEEM TO HAVE WELCOMED
A HORNET'S NEST!-- AND
SERGEANT---

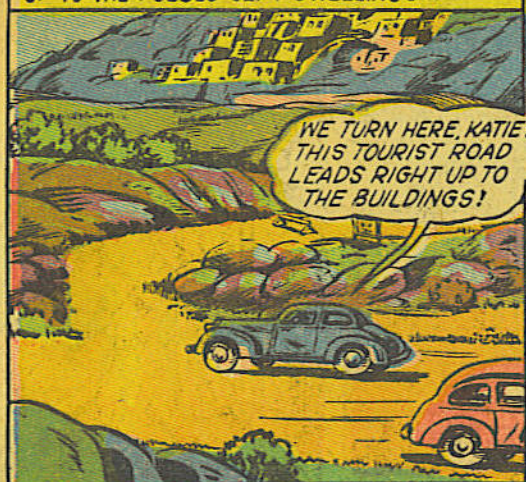


DON'T TELL ANYONE-- GET
ALL THE MEN IN YOUR
PLATOON-- INFORM THEM
THAT THEY MAY HAVE TO
GO ON PATROL TO-NIGHT!
HAVE THEM FULLY ARMED,
I'M GOING TO DO SOME
INVESTIGATING!

YES
SIR!

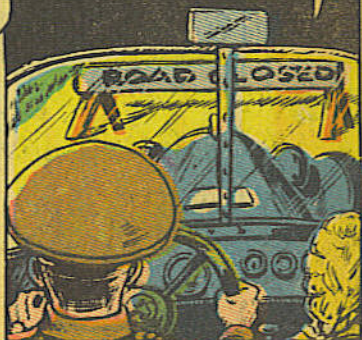


A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN ARRIVE AT THE FOOTHILLS LEADING UP TO THE PUEBLO CLIFF DWELLINGS...



WHAT THE! SAY WHAT IS THIS ANYWAY--THE ROAD'S CLOSED!

YEH--AND LOOK WHAT THAT SIGN SAYS!



STOP!!
THIS ROAD AND
CLIFF DWELLINGS
DANGEROUS--
DO NOT ENTER!
NO TOURISTS
ALLOWED!



ON THE ROOF OF THE HIGHEST DWELLING --



THE COURIER QUICKLY RUSHES TO A CHIMNEY!



LOOKS KINDA QUIET UP THERE, BUT I BET THEY KNOW WE'RE HERE, EH KATIE?



AS THE CAR PULLS UP AT THE VILLAGE, SEVERAL "INDIANS" COME TO MEET IT!!



THEY ARE QUICKLY USHERED INTO THE DIMLY LIT "CHIEFS" QUARTERS---



ALL THE CAT-MAN TALKS WITH THE "CHIEF," HIS EYES DART QUICKLY ABOUT THE SEMI-DARK ROOM!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE BUT THE KITTEN, THE CAT-MAN HAS THE UNCANNY POWER OF SEEING IN THE DARK!

ON THE CEILING HE SEES A ROW OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS!

IN A FAR CORNER ARE MANY SMALL CALIBER RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS!

BOXES OF AMMUNITION ARE PILED HIGH AGAINST THE FARTHEST WALL!

WELL CHIEF, YOU SEEM TO BE WELL SETTLED HERE, SO I GUESS WE BETTER BE RUNNING ALONG--I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON-- COME ON, KATIE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THEY DRIVE AWAY!...

WHAT WAS IT UNCLE DAVID, WHAT DID YOU SEE, ARE THEY JAPS?

THE STUPID AMERICANS! THEY COME TO VISIT--- TO-DAY HE IS MY GUEST, TO-MORROW HE WILL BE MY VICTIM!

REACHING THE HIGHWAY, THE CAT-MAN STOPS AT A ROADSIDE STAND!

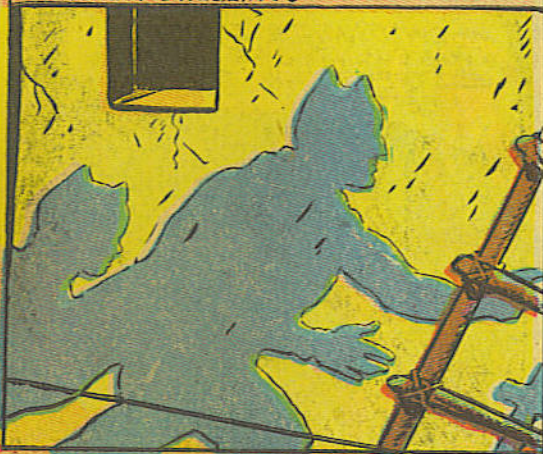
HELLO SGT. BROWN, GET YOUR MEN AND PROCEED TO THE ATTACK--USE REAL INDIAN TACTICS--THEY'RE JAPS ALL RIGHT AND HEAVILY ARMED--GOOD LUCK BROWN! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE SABOTAGE OF MY OWN!



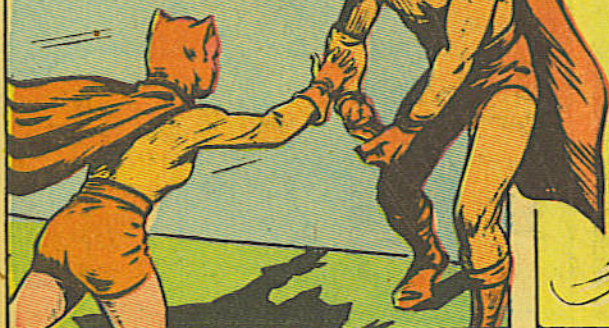
A HALF-HOUR LATER, AS DARKNESS FALLS, TWO STRANGE SHADOWS GLIDE NOISELESSLY ABOUT THE ANCIENT DWELLINGS...

THE CAT-MAN STOPS SUDDENLY--HIS KEEN EARS HAVE HEARD THE SOUND OF VOICES ----

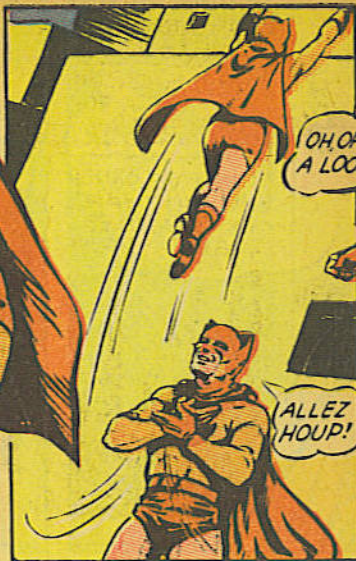
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT WE ACT! THEY WILL NOT BE EXPECTING AN ATTACK--OUR SURPRISE MOVE WILL BE A GREAT VICTORY FOR NIPPON--! MANY AND MAYBE ALL OF US WILL DIE, BUT WE WILL HAVE DESTROYED THIS IMPORTANT BASE AND OUR INVASION FORCES WILL BE FREE TO ENTER FROM MEXICO! BANZAI!



HOLY MACKERAL!
THIS IS A LOT BIGGER
THAN I THOUGHT--THEY
MUST HAVE MUNITIONS
STORED ALL OVER THE
PLACE--C'MON, KITTEN,
UP YOU GO!



AS THE KITTEN LANDS
SAFELY ON THE ROOF, THE
CAT-MAN LEAPS NIMBLY
UP AFTER HER!



OH, OH, THERE'S
A LOOKOUT!

ALLEZ
HOUP!

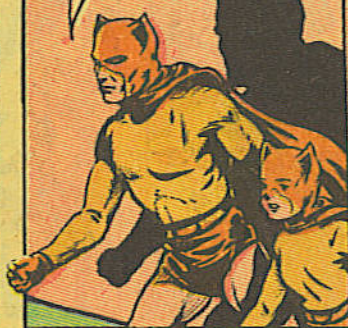


A STEEL-LIKE ARM SUDDENLY
ENCIRCLES THE NECK OF THE LOOK-
OUT AND SNAPS IT LIKE A TWIG!

UGH!



IT IS SAID, THE BEST WAY
TO SUCCEED IS TO START AT
THE BOTTOM AND WORK UP,
BUT WE'RE STARTING AT
THE TOP AND WORKING
DOWN-- OH, OH, THERE'S
ANOTHER GUARD!



THE GUARD ON THE OTHER WALL
IS ALSO QUICKLY DESPACHED!



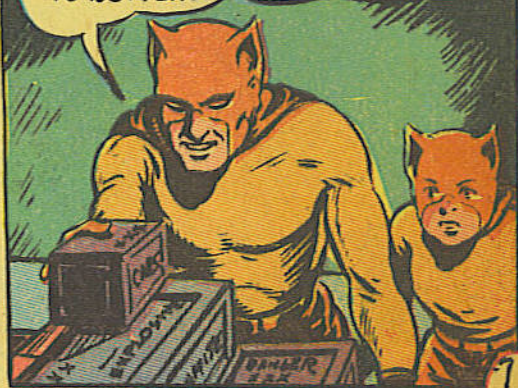
MEANWHILE-- SERGEANT BROWN AND HIS PLATOON
OF CAVALRY MOVE SWIFTLY TO THE ATTACK!

WE OUGHT TO
BE THERE IN
ABOUT TEN
MINUTES! WE'LL
SHOW THEM
PHONY INDIANS!



LOOKING AROUND IN THE BUILDING'S,
THE CAT-MAN MAKES A LUCKY FIND!

WHEW! DYNAMITE AND CAPS!
I WAS GOING TO START A FIRE TO
GET THE JAPS OUT, BUT THIS
IS BETTER!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT, UNCLE DAVID?

I FIGURE THAT WHEN I TOUCH THIS OFF, THESE OLD BUILDINGS WILL COLLAPSE AND THE JAPS WILL RUN OUT ON THE FLATS WHERE SGT. BROWN AND THE BOYS CAN GET AT THEM!

PICKING THE KITTEN UP IN HIS ARMS, THE CAT-MAN LEAPS DOWN TO ESCAPE THE IMPENDING BLAST!

THAT STUFF WILL POP IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES!

THREE MINUTES LATER, THE OLD WALLS ARE SPLIT BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

BOOM!

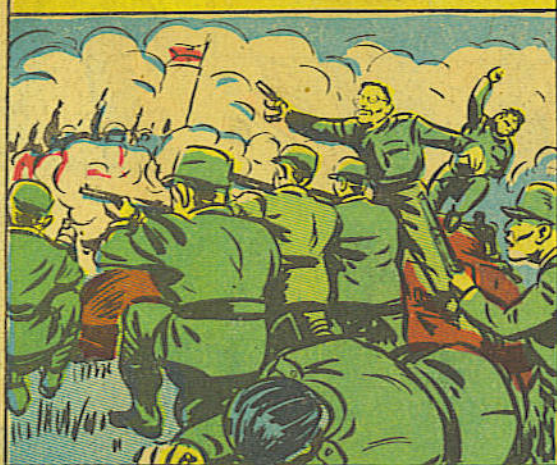
AIR RAID! RUN!! THE ROOF IS CAVING IN!

YI!!!

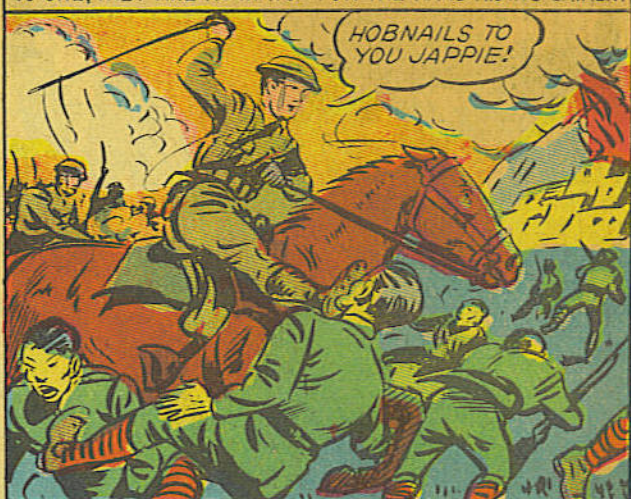
OW!

THERE THEY ARE BOYS!
CHARGE!
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!!
YAA HOO!

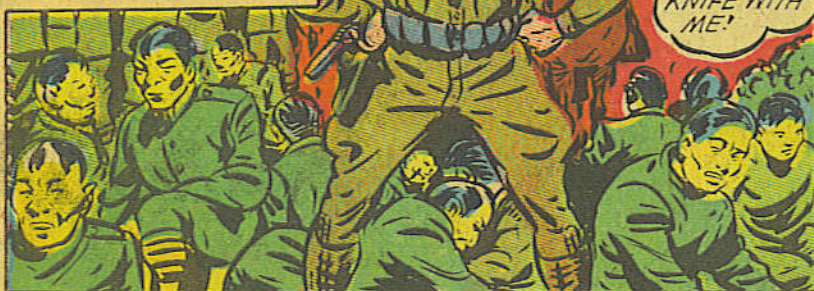
SOME OF THE JAPANESE CARRYING GUNS RALLY AROUND THEIR LEADER AND OPEN FIRE -- BUT --



...ALTHOUGH OUTNUMBERING BROWN AND HIS MEN TEN TO ONE, THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HARD-RIDING CAVALRY



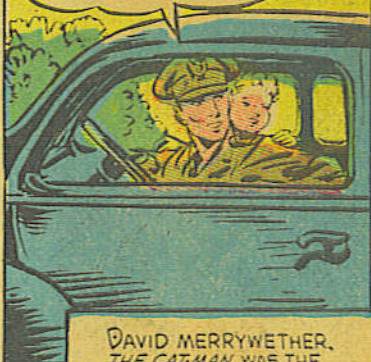
THE BATTLE IS SHORT AND FURIOUS -- THIS TIME THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS ON THE SIDE OF THE AMERICANS!



ALLRIGHT, WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU BUMS FALL IN AND START MARCHING! YOU AIN'T PLAYING INDIANS NOW! UGH! TOO BAD I DIDN'T HAVE MY SCALPING KNIFE WITH ME!

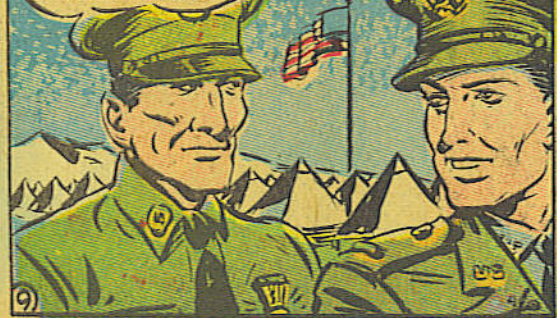
THE CAT-MAN AND THE KITTEN SLIP AWAY AS THE JAPS ARE TAKEN PRISONERS!

BROWN AND HIS BOYS SURE SEEM TO HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND! WE BETTER SCRAM --



LATER -- AT FORT BLISTER!

I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT THE BATTLE SIR! I LOOKED ALL OVER, I THOUGHT THEY HAD GOT YOU -- BUT THAT BLAST JUST AT THE RIGHT TIME, AND THE JAPS RUSHING OUT SO WE COULD GET AT THEM, JUST COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT, COULD IT LIEUTENANT?



WELL, IT COULD HAVE BEEN, SERGEANT, IT COULD HAVE BEEN, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS! COME ON, KATIE!



DAVID MERRYWETHER, THE CAT-MAN, WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF HIS PARENT'S CARAVAN, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY BANDITS IN BURMA. PICKED UP AND REARED BY A TIGRESS, HE ACQUIRED ALL THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY: GREAT STRENGTH, EXTREME AGILITY, THE ABILITY TO SEE IN THE DARK, AND LEAP MANY TIMES HIS OWN LENGTH! KATIE CONN, THE KITTEN, TRAINED AS AN ACROBAT BY HER PARENTS AND ORPHANED WHEN THEY WERE KILLED IN A CIRCUS TRAIN WRECK WAS ADOPTED BY THE CAT-MAN -- WHOM SHE CALLS UNCLE DAVID!

THE CAT-MAN and THE KITTEN APPEAR EVERY MONTH IN CAT-MAN COMICS!

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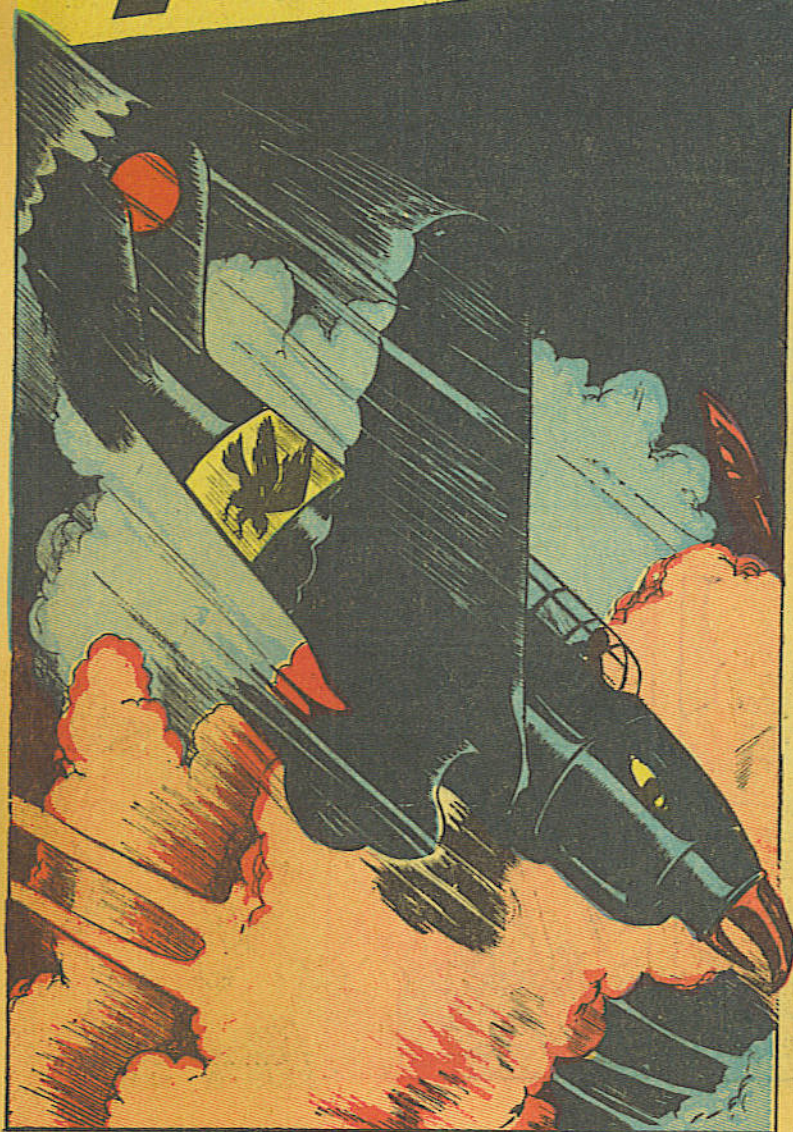
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THE

PHANTOM FALCON

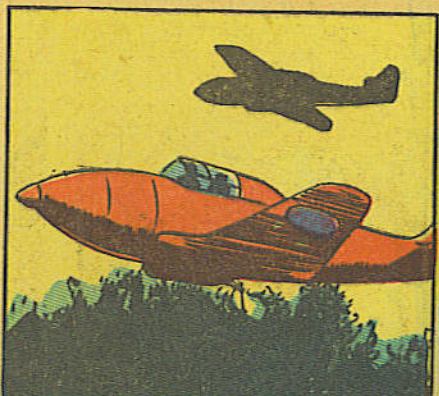
By CAPT. R. C. BUTLER



SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND AT THE
FAMED EAGLE SQUADRON...

ARE YOU
ALL SET
"CHUCK"?

YES SIR! WE'RE TO
FLY TO RESENBERG,
DROP OFF THE
SECRET AGENT,--AND
BEAT IT BACK!



WITHIN A FEW SECONDS, THE TWO
SHIPS FLASH DOWN THE RUNWAY
AND CLIMB SWIFTLY INTO THE
BLACK NIGHT!

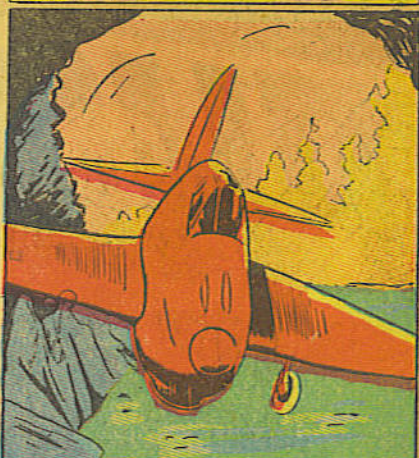
BANKING AWAY FROM THE ORIGINAL COURSE, 'CHUCK' SKIMS OVER THE TREE TOPS!



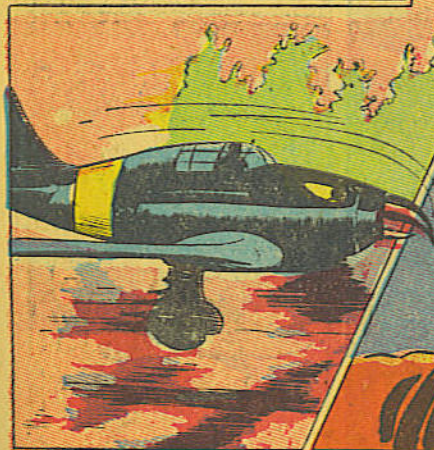
WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO TROUBLE TO-NIGHT AND TWO HURRICANES AREN'T GOING TO BE A MATCH FOR HALF OF THE LUFTWAFFE!



SHUTTING DOWN ON HIS SPEED, 'CHUCK' FLIES CLOSE TO THE EARTH AND HEADS INTO A CAVE?...!



...AND IN A FEW MINUTES, THE FASTEST, SLEEKEST PLANE IN ALL THE WORLD ROARS OUT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE...

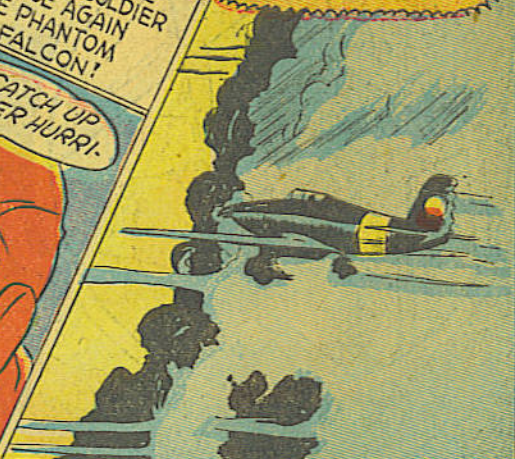


AND 'CHUCK BENSON, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE ONCE AGAIN BECOMES THE PHANTOM FALCON!

CHON BABY WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP WITH THAT OTHER HURRICANE!



LIKE A METEOR, THE BLACK FALCON'S PLANE ZOOMS INTO THE SKY!



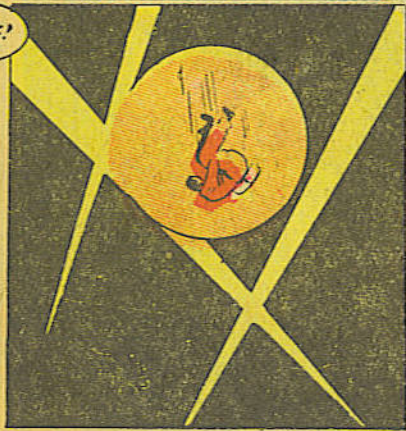
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY IN THE HURRICANE!

THIS IS THE SPOT X-13-- WE'RE NEAR--ING RESEN--BURG!

GOOD! CUT YOUR ENGINES AND GLIDE AS FAR AS POSSIBLE!



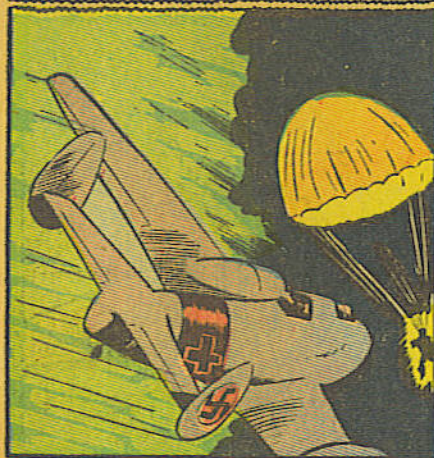
WITH ENGINES SILENT, THE PLANE GLIDES SILENTLY OVER THE NAZI VILLAGE..CRAWLING FROM THE COCKPIT, THE SECRET AGENT LEAPS!



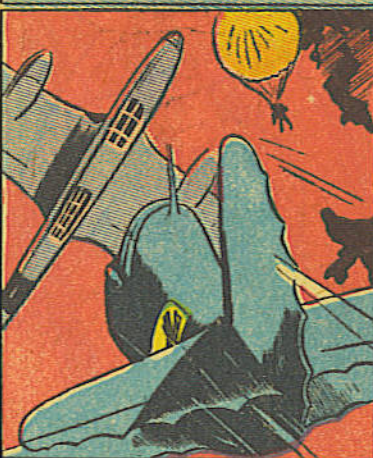
GOOD LUCK, CHUM--I--HOLY SEAGULLS--A MESSER--SCHMITT--AND THEY SEE THAT FELLOW'S PARACHUTE! BENSON--CALLING BENSON! NOW WHAT THE DEVIL HAPPENED TO HIM?...



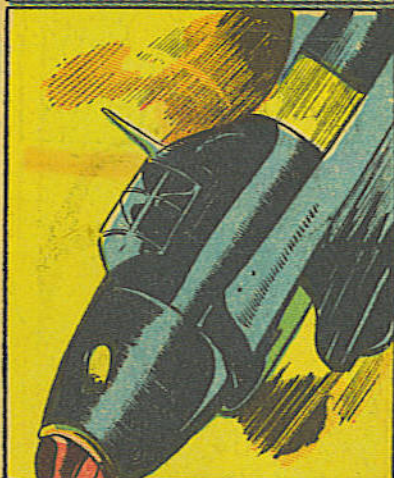
ROARING DOWN UPON THE PARACHUTIST, THE ENEMY PLANE MANEUVERS TO BLAST ITS VICTIM FROM THE SKY!



BUT SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE, ANOTHER PLANE PLUMMETS DOWN TOWARD THE MESSER-SCHMITT...



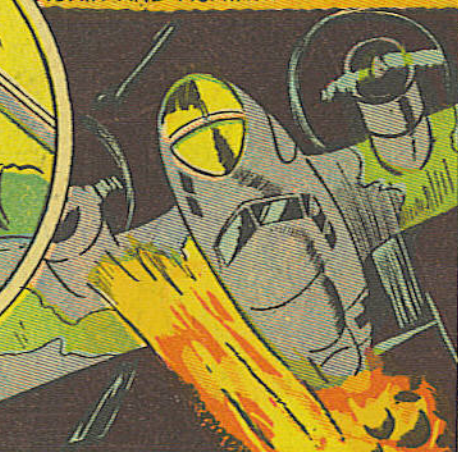
LIKE A GIGANTIC BIRD, THE BLACK FALCON DIVES AT A TERRIFIC PACE!



ACH!--IT--IT'S THE PHANTOM FALCON!



THE NAZIS TRY DESPERATELY TO EVADE THIS DEMON OF THE SKIES, BUT THE MESSERSCHMITT IS HIT AGAIN AND AGAIN...



...AND THE WRECKED BOMBER SLAMS INTO THE EARTH FAR BELOW!



THAT'S THE PHANTOM FALCON AGAIN--I WONDER WHO THE DEVIL HE IS--OH WELL, HE SAVED THAT AGENT'S LIFE--NOW TO BEAT IT BACK HOME!



As "SCOTTY" TURNS HIS SHIP TOWARD ENGLAND, HE FAILS TO SEE A FLIGHT OF NAZI FIGHTERS HOT ON HIS TAIL!

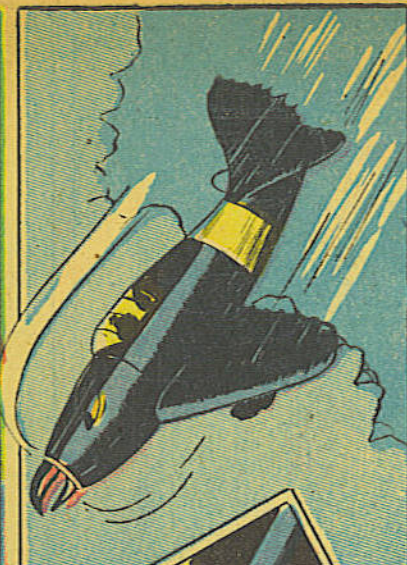


MEANWHILE, THE PHANTOM FALCON CLIMBS BACK INTO THE HEAVENS WHEN SUDDENLY HE SEES...

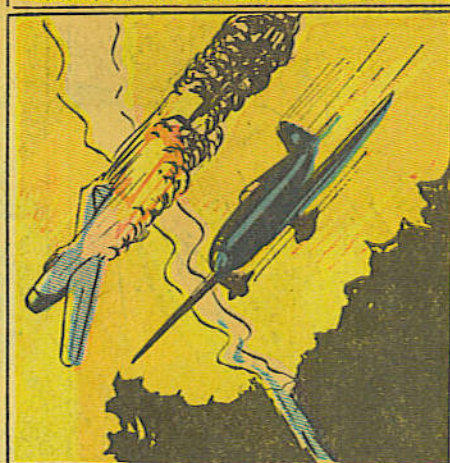
MORE NAZIS-- AND THE WHOLE BLASTED FLIGHT OF THEM ARE AFTER "SCOTTY"!



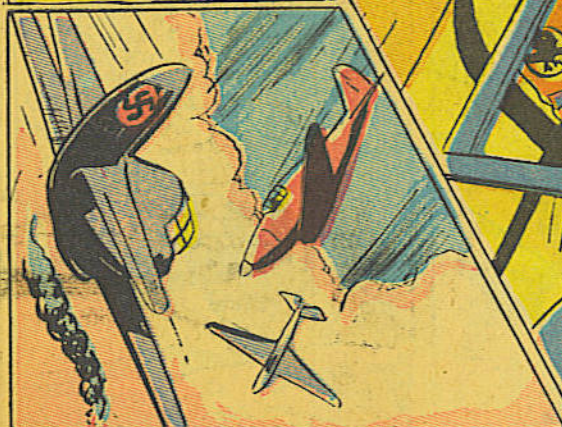
LET'S GO BABY!...
HERE'S WHERE WE
GIVE THOSE RATS
SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT!



DIVING DOWN THROUGH THE NAZI
FORMATION, THE WING GUNS FROM
THE PHANTOM FALCON FIND THEIR
MARK IN TWO ENEMY SHIPS...

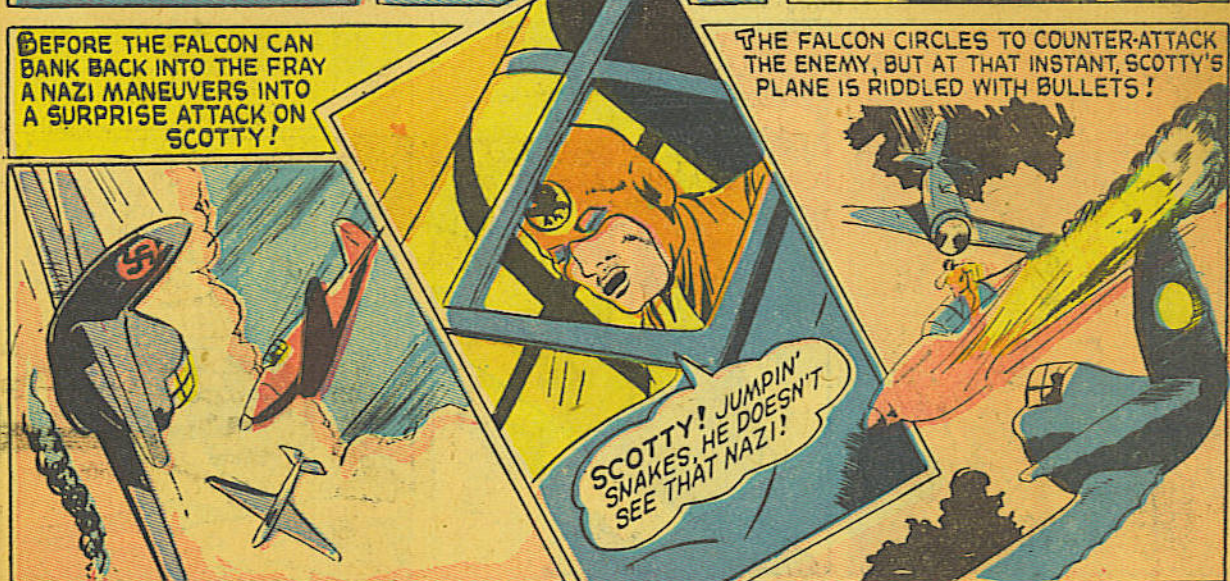


BEFORE THE FALCON CAN
BANK BACK INTO THE FRAY
A NAZI MANEUVERS INTO
A SURPRISE ATTACK ON
SCOTTY!



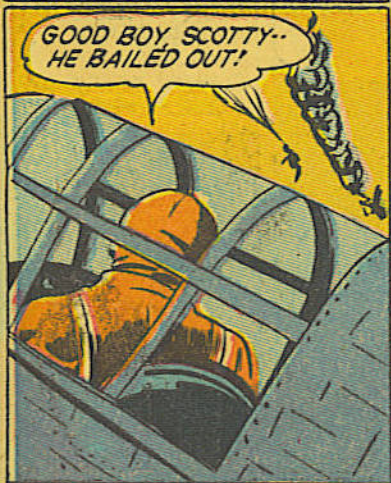
THE FALCON CIRCLES TO COUNTER-ATTACK
THE ENEMY, BUT AT THAT INSTANT, SCOTTY'S
PLANE IS RIDDLED WITH BULLETS!

SCOTTY! JUMPIN'
SNAKES, HE DOESN'T
SEE THAT NAZI!



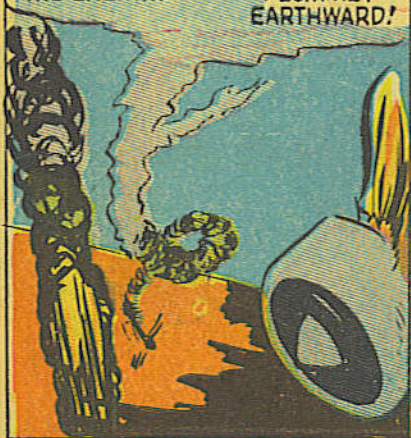
AS THE HURRICANE STREAKS
EARTHWARD IN FLAMES, SCOTTY
LEAPS TO SAFETY...

GOOD BOY, SCOTTY--
HE BAILED OUT!

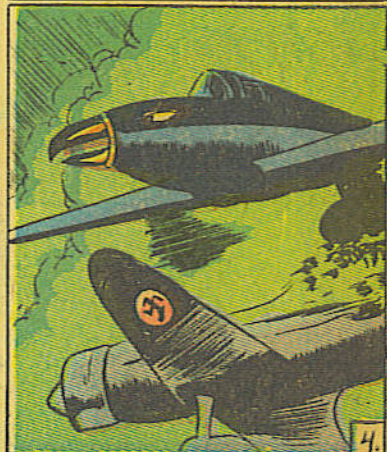


ALONE, THE
PHANTOM
FALCON CLIMBS
BACK TO MEET
THE ENEMY...

...AND ONE
BY ONE, LIKE
GIANT WOUND-
ED BIRDS, THEY
PLUMMET
EARTHWARD!



FLAMES LEAP FROM THE
FALCON'S GUNS, AS HE
TURNS TO FINISH OFF
HIS LAST VICTIM!





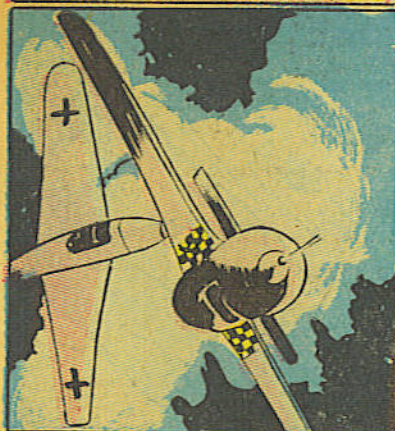
AFTER A FULL THIRTY MINUTES
OF SEARCHING FOR SCOTTY, THE
FALCON IS ABOUT TO GIVE UP,
WHEN...



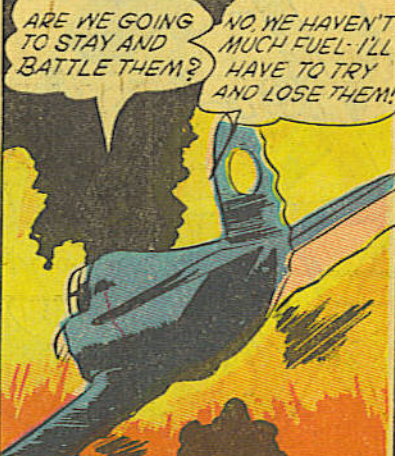
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE
FALCON LANDS...



AS THE PHANTOM FALCON
ROARS ACROSS THE FIELD AND
CLIMBS INTO THE SKY, TWO
NAZI PURSUIT SHIPS TAKE OFF
FROM A SECRET HANGAR...



...THE FALCON SLAMS THE
THROTTLE WIDE OPEN AND
HEADS FOR ENGLAND...



A HALF-HOUR LATER, THE SLEEK
BLACK PLANE ROARS OVER THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL, MILES AHEAD
OF THEIR PURSUERS!



AS THE PHANTOM FALCON
ROARS OVER THE DRONE OF
THE EAGLE SQUADRON,
SCOTTY BAILS OUT!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER,
A LONE HURRICANE ROLLS
ONTO A LANDING!



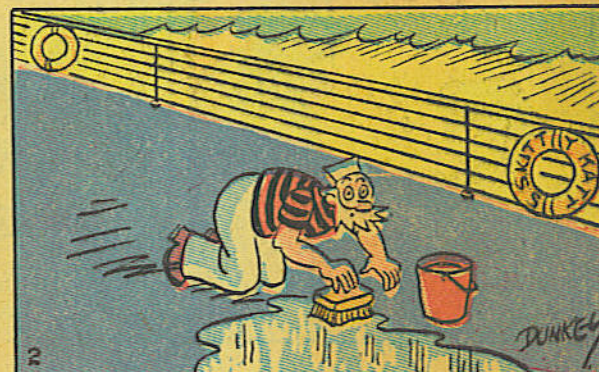
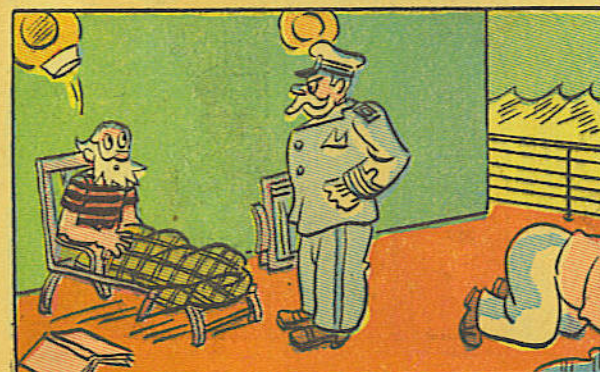
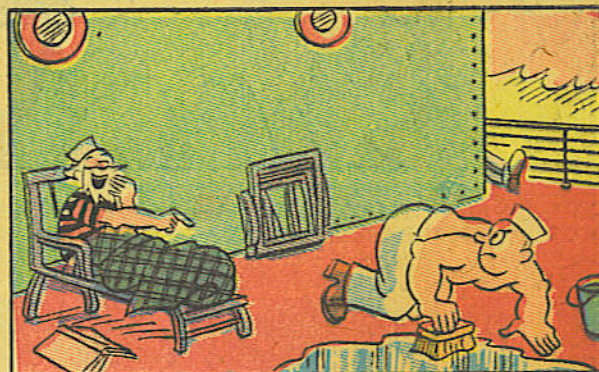
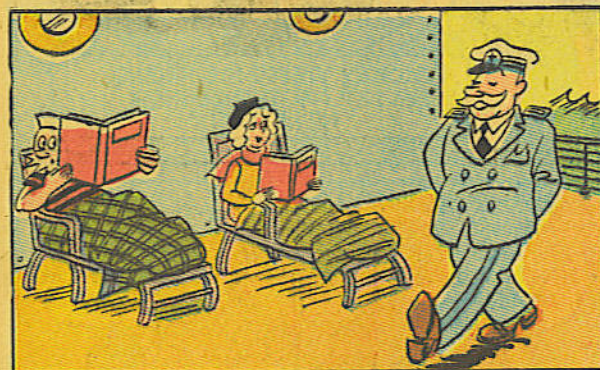
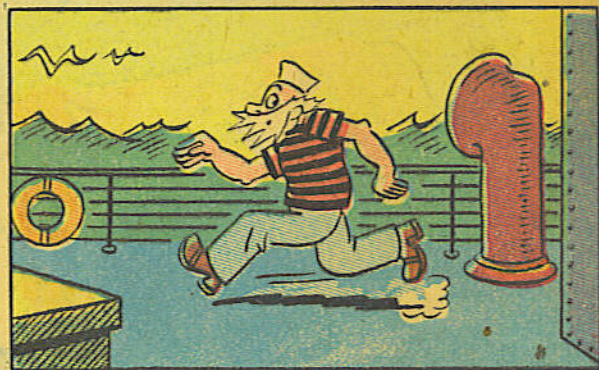
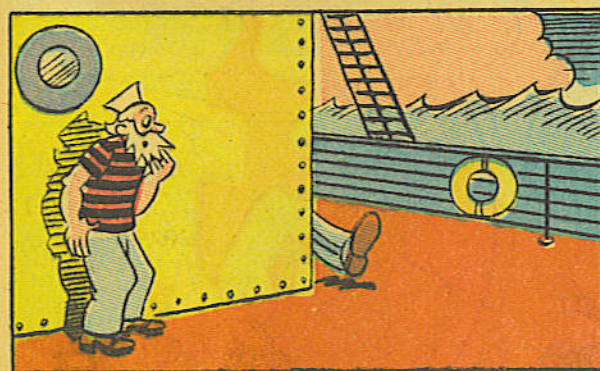
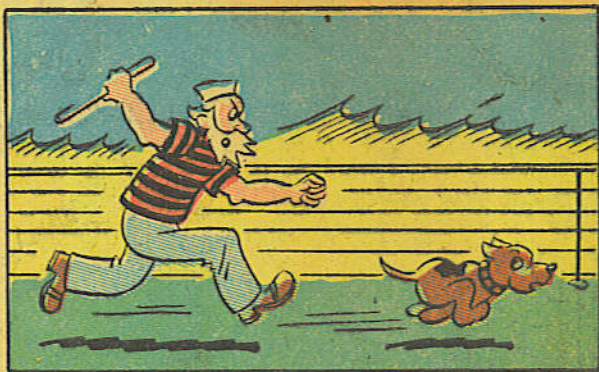
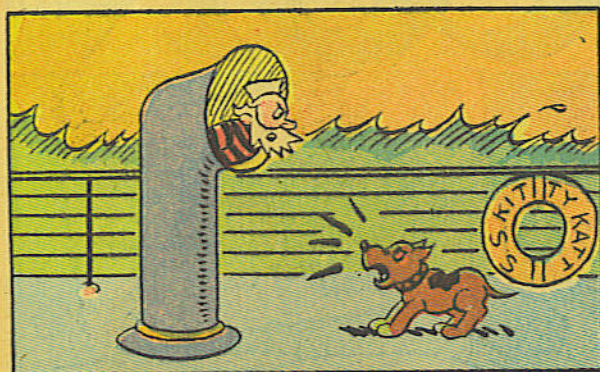
IT WAS THE
CONTROL WIRES,
SIR, THEY JAMMED
AND I WAS FORCED
DOWN TEN MILES
NORTH OF HERE!



YOU KNOW BENSON,
IT'S STRANGE THAT
WHenever SOME-
THING HAPPENS TO
YOUR SHIP THE
PHANTOM FALCON
ALWAYS TAKES
YOUR PLACE!



THE SAILOR



DEACON

The Deacon, who resides in the Marshland Church, and his young assistant, Mickey, continue to champion the cause of righteous and battle against crime and corruption!

EXTRY-- READ ALL ABOUT IT! PAPER MISTER?

OH, OH--HERE COMES SQUIRE BEVINS!

LIVE CL

MICKEY VISITS HIS FRIEND, TIM NOLAN, THE CORNER NEWSBOY!

GOOD MORNING SQUIRE!

HAARUMPH! GOOD MORNING-- HOW MUCH IS A COPY OF CARPER'S MAGAZINE?

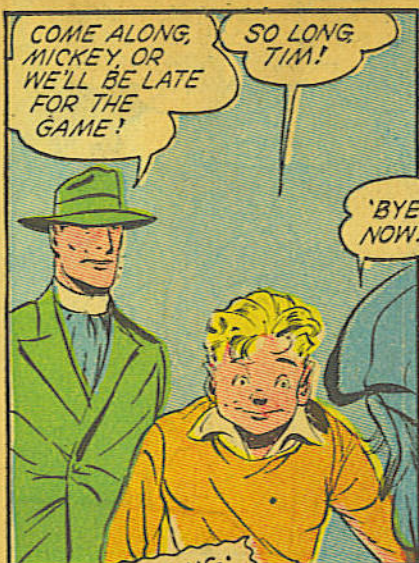
FIFTEEN CENTS SIR --- THE LATEST ISSUE JUST CAME IN!

FIFTEEN CENTS? --HMMMPH, THAT'S ENTIRELY TOO MUCH--NEVER MIND!

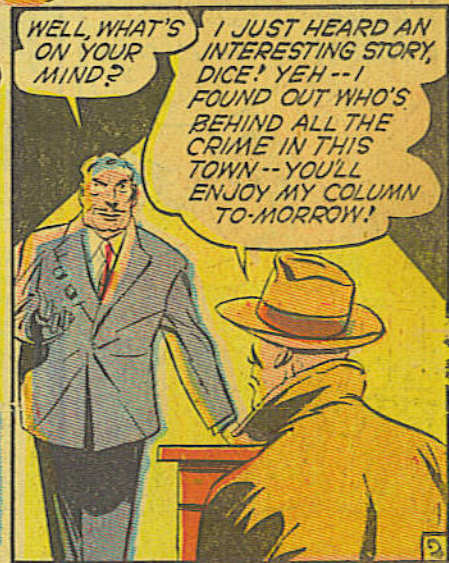
GOOD MORNING DEACON!

HELLO, TIM! HI, MICKEY! LET ME HAVE A COPY OF THE CLARION!

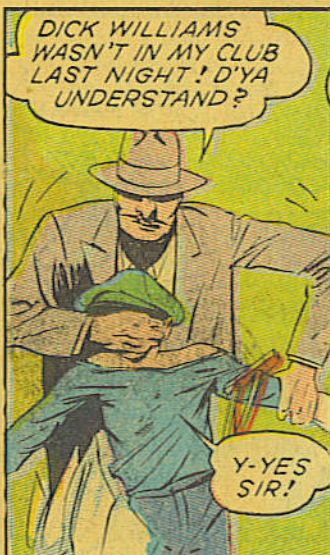
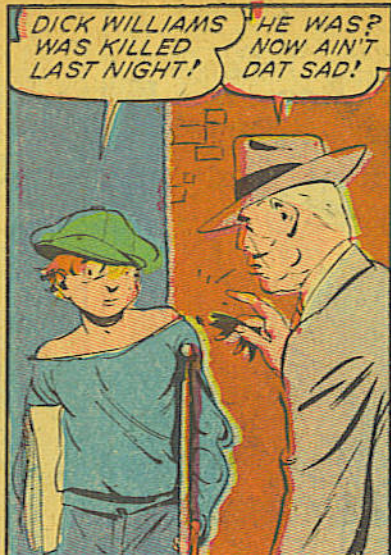
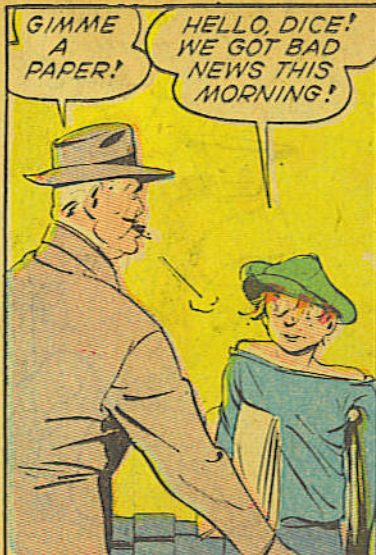
BOY, WHAT A TIGHT-WAD!

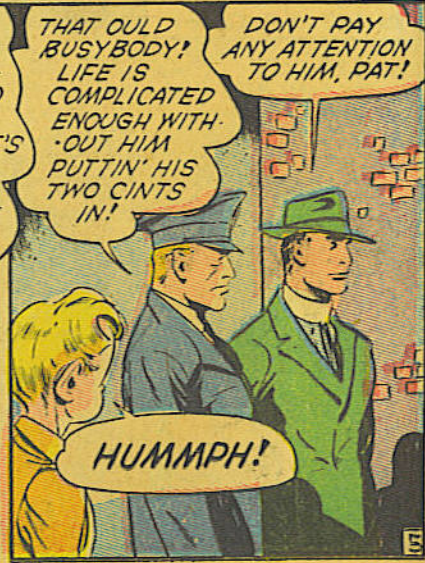


LATE AFTERNOON, TIM MEETS HIS GOOD FRIEND OFFICER DRISCOLL!











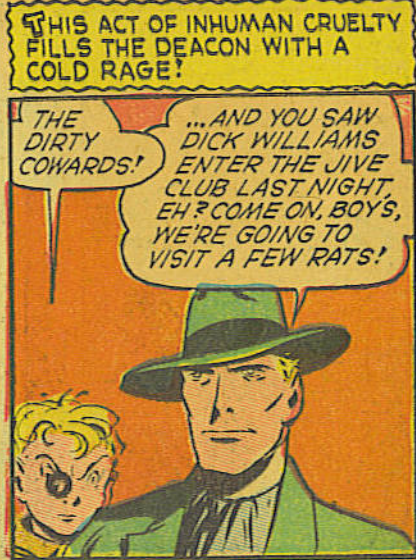
GOOD-BYE, PAT! MICKEY AND I ARE GOING TO VISIT TIM!

SO LONG!



TIM! WHAT HAPPENED?

LOU AND LEFTY BUSTED MY NEWS-STAND AND (SNIF) MOM WAS DEPEND-IN' ON ME TO BRING HOME SOME MONEY TO-NIGHT!



THIS ACT OF INHUMAN CRUELTY FILLS THE DEACON WITH A COLD RAGE!

THE DIRTY COWARDS!

...AND YOU SAW DICK WILLIAMS ENTER THE JIVE CLUB LAST NIGHT, EH? COME ON, BOYS, WE'RE GOING TO VISIT A FEW RATS!



PLEASE, I DON'T WANT TO GET YOU IN TROUBLE BECAUSE OF ME!

DON'T WORRY, TIM! I'M NOT GOING TO GET INTO TROUBLE-- BUT SOMEBODY ELSE IS!

DEACON! WAIT! I WANT TO SEE YOU!



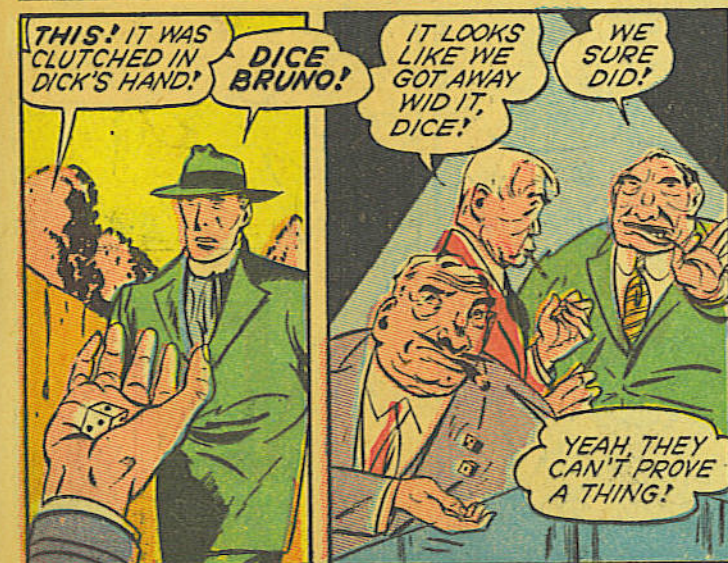
WHAT'S UP, PAT?

I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE!



WHEN THE CORONER WAS EXAMINING DICK WILLIAMS' BODY, HE FOUND SOMETHING THAT PROVES BEYOND A DOUBT WHO THE KILLER IS!

WHAT IS IT?



THIS! IT WAS CLUTCHED IN DICK'S HAND!

DICE BRUNO!

IT LOOKS LIKE WE GOT AWAY WID IT, DICE!

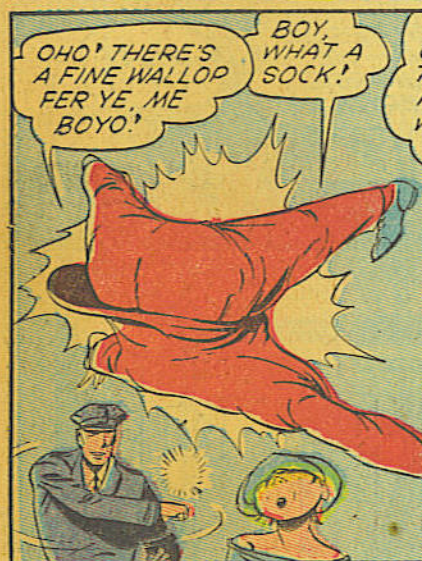
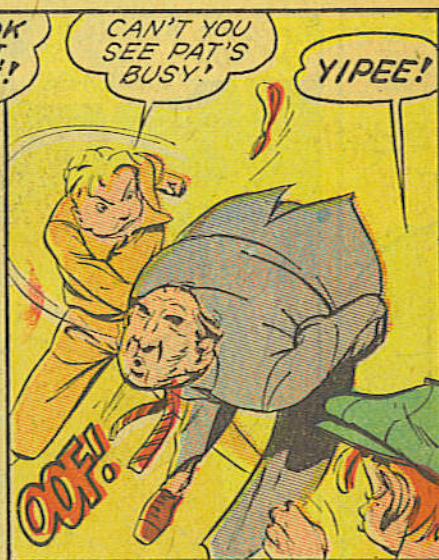
WE SURE DID!

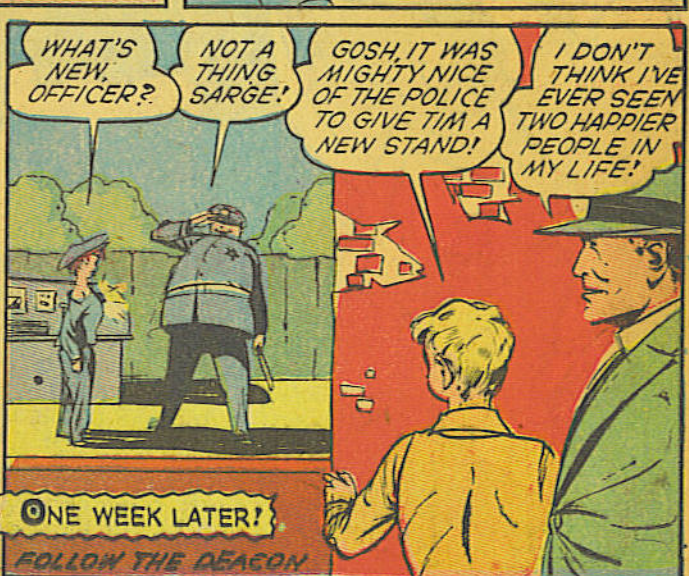
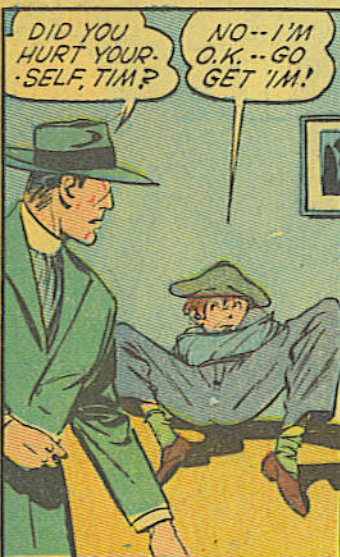
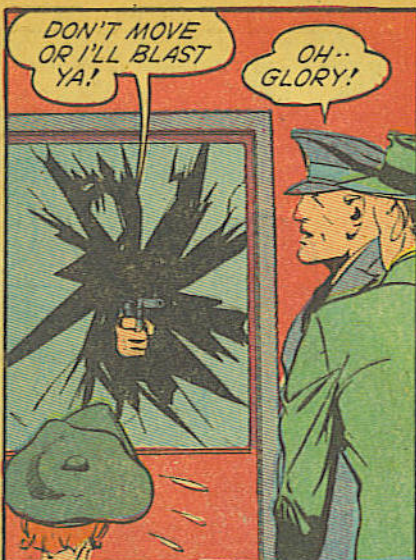
YEAH, THEY CAN'T PROVE A THING!



OH, YES WE CAN--WE CAN PROVE EVERYTHING!

WHAT TH--!





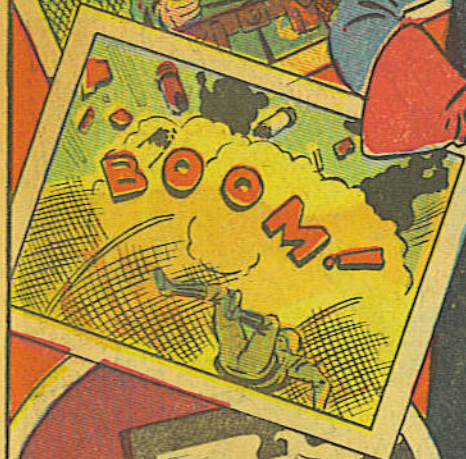
ONE WEEK LATER!

FOLLOW THE DEACON

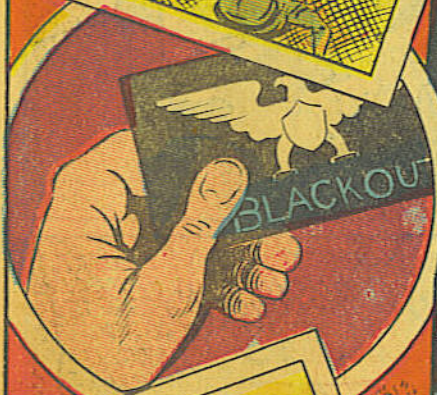
BLACKOUT

INSIDE GERMANY--THE NAUM-
BURG MUNITIONS PLANT IS HEAVILY
GUARDED BY NAZI SOLDIERS!

HITLER'S INNER
SANCTUM...
HERE ISS DER PLANS FOR
OUR SPRING OFFENSIVE--
WE CANNOT FAIL!



SUDDENLY, THE ROOM IS
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!



BLACKOUT!

DER
PLANS!
THEY ARE
GONE!



The MORNING OF
DECEMBER 9th, 1941!

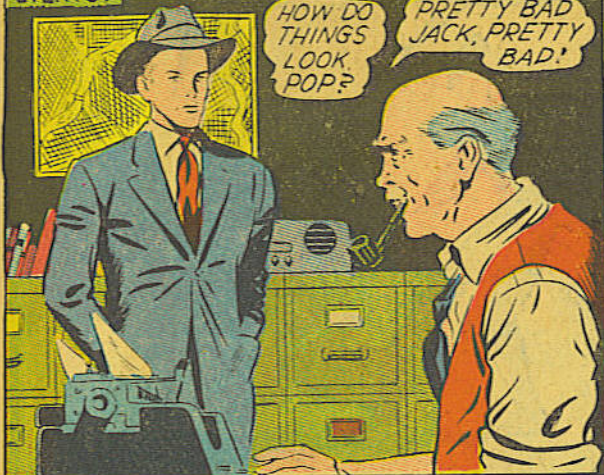


BLACKOUT!
VASS
ISS?

BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!! ALL GERMANY IS ELECTRIFIED BY THE NAME--NAZI OFFICIALS TREMBLE WITH FEAR AND VICTIMS OF PERSECUTION ARE FILLED WITH RENEWED HOPE AND COURAGE---WHO IS THIS CHAMPION, THIS AVENGER OF THE NIGHT WHO WAGES AMERICA'S BATTLE WITHIN THE STRONGHOLD OF THE ENEMY? TO ANSWER THAT, WE MUST TURN BACK THE HANDS OF TIME TO THAT FATEFUL DAY WHEN THE UNITED STATES WAS PLUNGED INTO THE AWFUL CONFLICT THAT ENGULFS THE WORLD!

BERLIN OFFICE
THE
NEW YORK
GLOBE

JACK WAYNE AND POP SIMMS, AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS, DISCUSS LATE NEWS EVENTS!



SUDDENLY:



IT ISS NO LONGER NECESSARY TO TREAT YOU MITT KID GLOVES! AS FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS YOU HAFF BEEN IN A POSITION TO LEARN INFORMATION THAT'S VALUABLE TO GERMANY!



I'VE BEEN A REPORTER FOR FORTY YEARS AND NOBODY EVER MADE ME TALK UNLESS I WANTED TO!



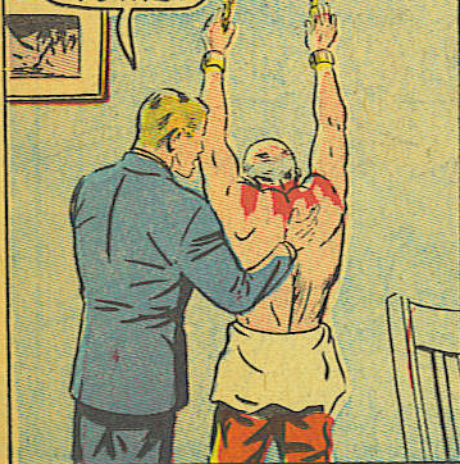
POP IS LEAD INTO THE OTHER ROOM--THE SOUND OF A LASH AND AGONIZED SCREAMS ECHO THROUGH THE WALLS-- THEN SILENCE



THE DOOR OPENS!

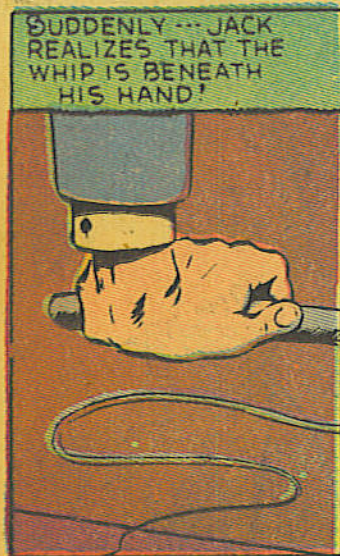
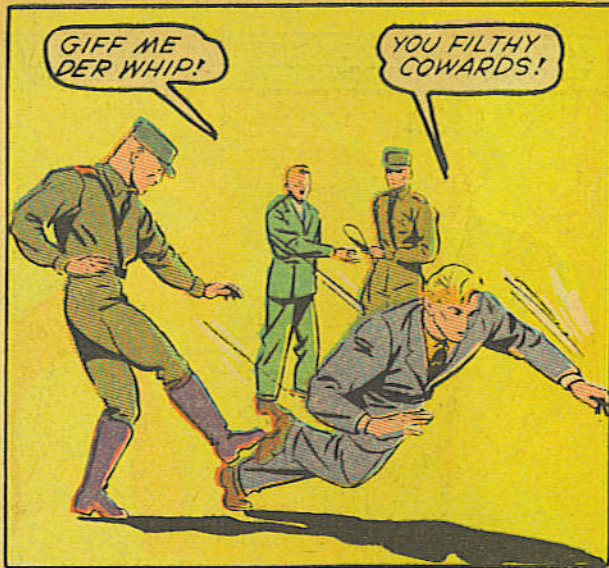


POP! POP--WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? SPEAK TO ME!

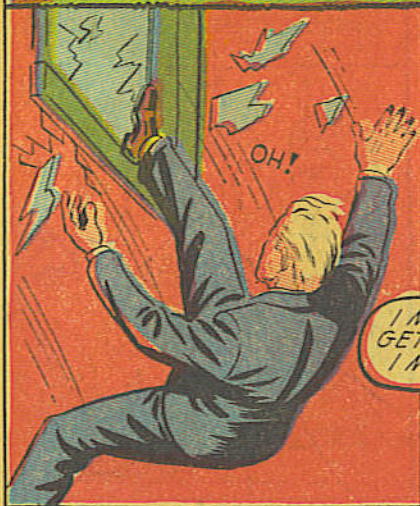


HE'S DEAD!

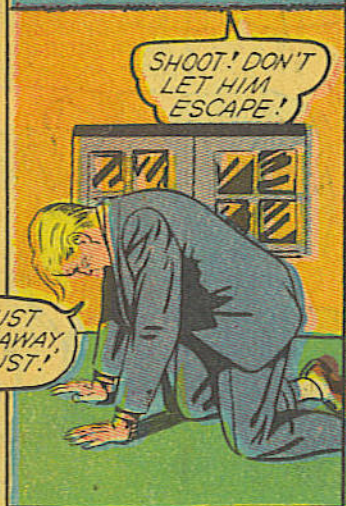




JACK STUMBLES AND CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW!



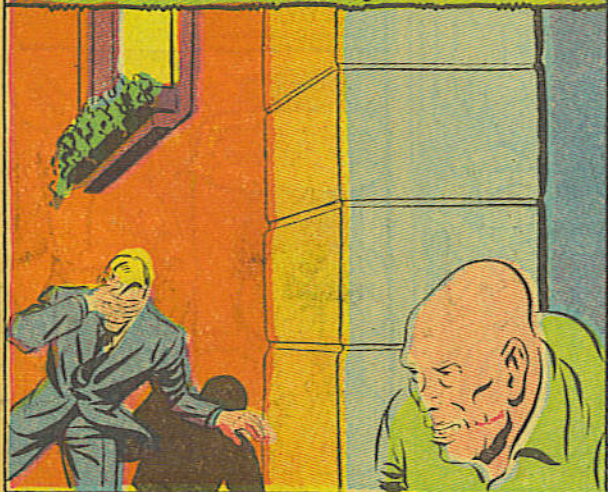
HITTING THE GROUND, HE IS MOMENTARILY STUNNED!



MIRACULOUSLY AVOIDING THE SOLDIER'S BULLETS, HE STAGGERS BLINDLY INTO THE NIGHT!

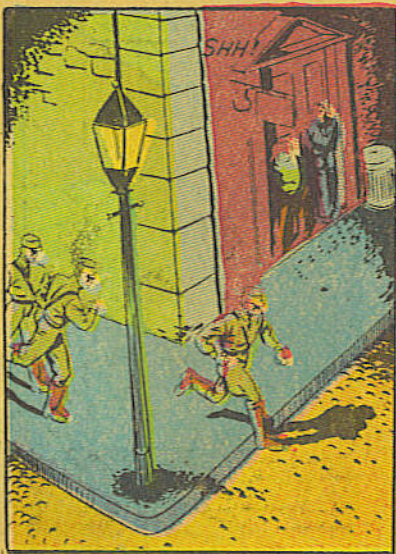


HE RACES MADLY THROUGH THE CITY WITH THE SOLDIERS HOT ON HIS HEELS!



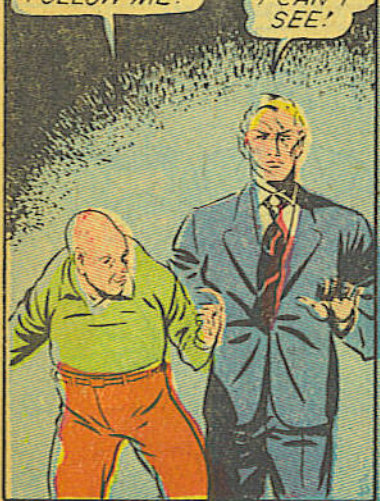
HEY!

QUIET, FRIEND!



THEY'RE GONE-- FOLLOW ME!

I CAN'T SEE!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO THE HOME OF DOCTOR DISMAL!





THEY ENTER AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP AT THE OTHER END OF THE STREET!



THEY ENTER THE SECRET DOOR AND FOLLOW A LONG UNDER-GROUND TUNNEL!



THEY DID A PRETTY THOROUGH
JOB ON YOU--YET, THE OPTIC
NERVES ARE NOT ENTIRELY
DEAD!



CAN YOU
DO ANY-
THING,
DOC?

I'LL TRY--RIGHT NOW YOU
NEED A GOOD SLEEP--IN THE
MEANTIME, I'LL GRIND A
SPECIAL PAIR OF GLASSES
THAT MIGHT HELP YOU!



DOCTOR DISMAL WORKS
TIRELESSLY THROUGH THE
NIGHT WHILE JACK SLEEPS!



NEXT MORNING!



HOW DO YOU
FEEL, SON?

I FEEL O.K.,
BUT MY
EYES, I
CAN'T SEE!

LET ME PUT
ON THESE
GLASSES--
NOW CAN
YOU SEE?



YES, BUT
EVERYTHING
LOOKS
BLURRED!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT! I HAVE
FITTED SMALL LIGHTS IN-
SIDE THE LENS--NOW I
WILL SNAP THEM ON!

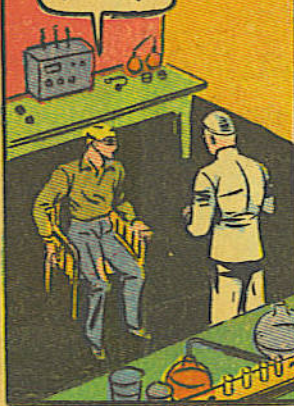


I CAN SEE!
I CAN
SEE!



AAGHH!

WHAT WAS
THAT?



THAT WAS THE SCREAM OF
ANOTHER NAZI
VICTIM--THIS HIDEOUT
IS DIRECTLY UNDER
GESTAPO HEADQUAR-
TERS--THOSE SCREAMS
WILL NEVER ALLOW ME
TO FORGET WHAT I
HAVE SUFFERED!



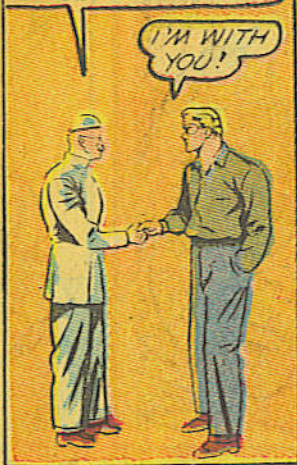
I DON'T NEED ANY-
THING TO REMIND ME!
I'LL NEVER FORGET!
I'LL MAKE THEM PAY
DEARLY FOR EVERY
STROKE OF THE LASH!



SEE THIS METAL CUP?
I MUST WEAR IT FOR
LIFE--THE GESTAPO
BROKE MY SKULL WITH
A CLUB AND HAD LEFT
ME FOR DEAD, BUT I
WILL LIVE TO SEE
THEM DESTROYED!



I AM DER HEAD OF
DER BERLIN UNDER-
GROUND SOCIETY!
I NEED YOUR HELP!



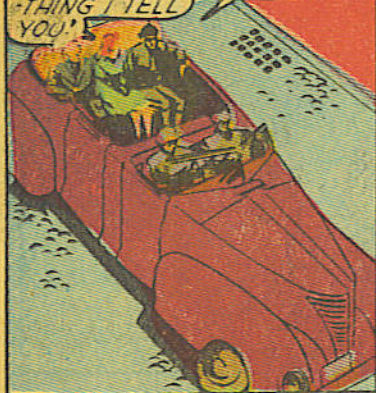
YOU ARE STRONG AND
INTELLIGENT--THE
GLASSES I GAVE YOU
ARE PART OF MY
PLAN--HERE ISS WHAT
YOU WILL DO----



AND SO, A FEW
NIGHTS LATER,
A FIGURE SETS
FORTH TO WREAK
HAVOC UPON THE
NAZI HORDES; A
FIGURE AS SILENT
AS THE SHADOWS
AND ELUSIVE AS
THE NIGHT--
BLACKOUT!

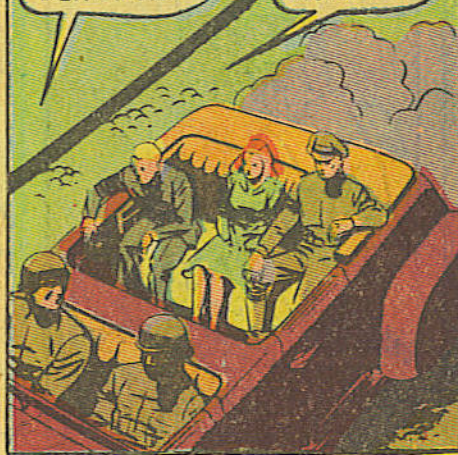


YOU HAD BETTER TALK
MISS MULLER--I WOULD
HATE TO USE DER
WHIP ON A
PRETTY GIRL
LIKE YOU!
BUT I
DON'T
KNOW ANY
THING I TELL
YOU!



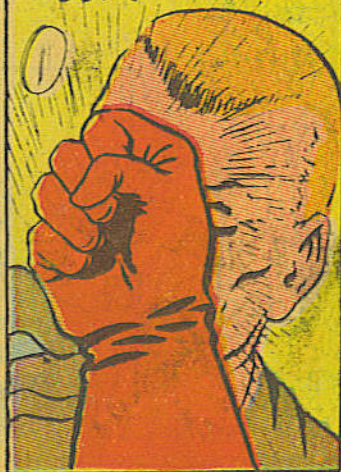
HERR SCHWABACH,
THERE ISS SOME-
THING BLOCKING
DER ROAD!

YELL GET
OUDT AND
MOVE IT!



SUDDENLY!

OOW!



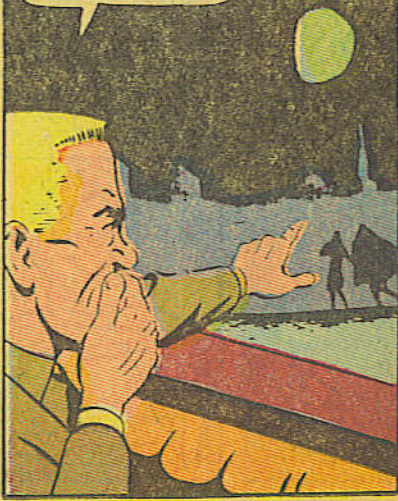
GIVE ME YOUR
HAND, MISS!
FOLLOW ME!

ACH!

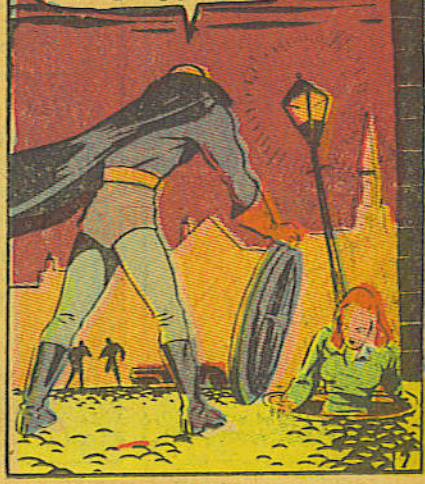
OH!

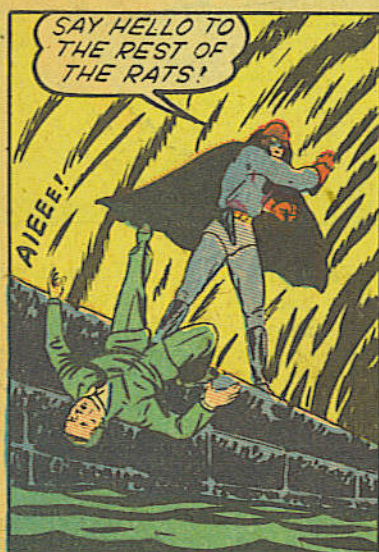
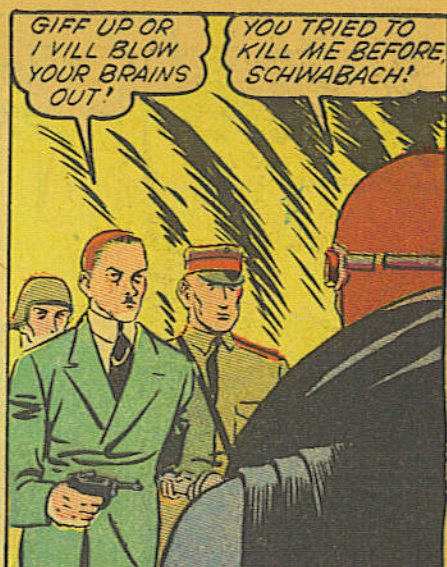


DUMBKOPFS!
AFTER THEM!

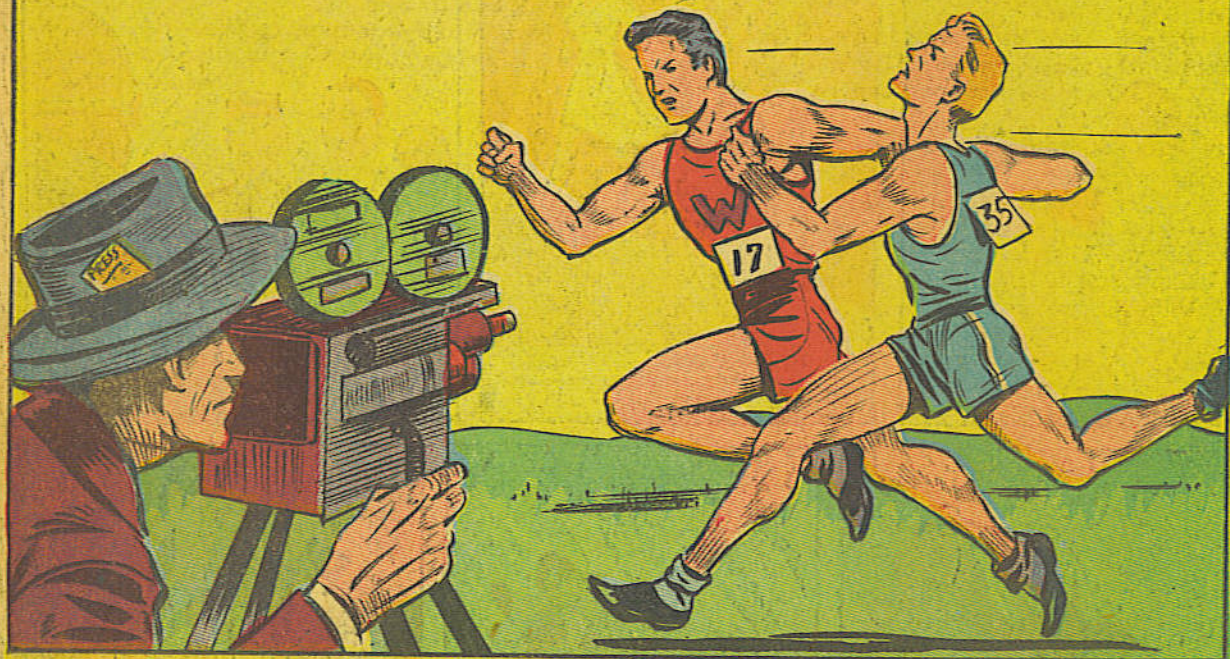


HURRY, CLIMB
DOWN, THEY'RE
AFTER US!





FRANK FAIRPLAYS RACE



A great crowd had assembled at Fairside Park to witness the annual cross-country race in which Wakefield Military Academy, Stagdale Prep, and Winfield High were competing for the county championship.

The entrants in the race were dressing in the locker room when Sam Scully, the key man for Stagdale, strode up to Frank Fairplay.

"I suppose you Wakefield boys are conceited enough to think you stand a chance in this race," he teased.

"Why not?" answered Frank. "In fact, I think we're going to win."

"You're the fellows who don't stand a chance!" added Tom Patton.

"Hmph, we'll see about that," replied Scully as he returned to his own side of the room.

Will Maitland picked up a shoe and pretended that he was going to throw it at the Stagdale runner. Tom grabbed his arm.

"Now, now—control yourself, William. You'll only waste that good shoe on his thick head!"

"Let's go, fellows," interrupted Frank Fairplay.

The three friends walked onto the field and joined the other contestants at the starting line.

A pistol shot signalled the start of the race and the runners were off. They jogged along at an easy trot as they crossed the field and disappeared behind a low ridge.

"Take it easy, fellows," cautioned Frank to the rest of his team-mates who were increasing the pace in order to reach the head of the group.

"If they keep that up," added Will, "they'll be winded before the race is half over."

"Don't worry, fellows," laughed Tom. "You can always depend on Mrs. Patton's boy, Tommy, to win the race and save the day!"

"Oh, yeah," chided Will. "If last year's performance was a sample of your prowess, you'll stop for a nap after the first mile."

"Save your breath," interposed Frank, "or the three of us will find ourselves sadly behind at the finish."

The runners trotted across the valley and started the ascent of Broad Mountain, the most formidable obstacle to be encountered on the way.

Tom Patton, ever the clown, pranced up and down and beat his chest as he breathed deeply of the pine-scented air.

"Ah, what a beautiful day! I could lie down on those pine needles and sleep forever. But no, I must continue and win the race for good old Wakefield Academy!"

At that instant Will Maitland let out a sharp cry and sank to the ground.

Frank and Tom were at his side in a moment.

"What's the matter, Will?" Tom exclaimed.

"I've been bitten by a snake!" gasped Will.

Frank Fairplay noticed a quick movement in the bushes. Instantly, he picked up a stout stick and leaped into the undergrowth. He swung the stick downward. Again and again he swung, flailing wildly at a wiggling form beneath his feet.

In a few moments he walked out of the bushes holding the limp form of the snake.

"Good Lord, it's a copperhead!" shouted Tom Patton.

"Yes," answered Frank grimly. "We'll have to get Will to a doctor immediately!"

Without another word Frank dropped to his knees beside Will and began to suck the poison from the wound in his leg.

"Give me your shirt, Tom; we'll have to make a tourniquet!" snapped Frank.

Tom removed his shirt and handed it to Frank. Frank tore away a piece of the cloth and bound it tightly around Will's leg. Tom picked up a small stick to be inserted in the loop. Then Frank twisted it tight.

"Easy!" gasped Will. "It hurts like the devil!"

"We've got to do it," answered Frank. "If that poison gets into your system, you're a goner. I'll release it every few minutes so that the circulation won't be cut off."

"We had better get him to a doctor!" exclaimed Tom.

"Right!" agreed Frank. "We'll make a seat with our hands and carry him out to the highway. We can get a ride into town from a passing motorist."

Frank and Tom locked hands and Will sat down between them. In this fashion they carried him out to the highway.

In a few minutes a small delivery truck sped around a bend of the road and the boys signaled for a lift. The truck came to an abrupt stop. Frank quickly explained their predicament and the driver agreed to take them to a doctor.

"How about the race?" exclaimed Will. "Why don't you fellows try to catch up with the others? There's still time!"

"Forget it!" interrupted Frank. "Your life is more important than a cross-country race!"

"Go ahead, Frank," insisted Tom. "I'll go with Will. You stand more of a chance than I would!"

At last Frank agreed to continue with the race and as the car pulled away he started down the road at a brisk run.

Now it was too late to follow a leisurely pace and Frank realized that he would have to maintain a good speed to overtake the others.

Five minutes later he was back on the course. As he streaked through the woods he stopped from time to time to catch his breath and then started on again.

At last he began to overtake the stragglers. "He can never keep up that pace," they murmured as he passed.

Soon he had reached the main body of runners and still he continued to sprint.

There was but one more mile to go and the leaders were starting to increase the pace. Frank redoubled his efforts and passed his rivals one by one.

Now Frank was running fifth. He could see Scully holding the lead with a long, easy stride.

Frank passed two more contestants. Now he was third. His breathing was labored as he flew past the second runner. Scully was still a considerable distance in the lead and Frank's breath came in short, hard gasps as he slowly closed the gap between them.

Now Frank Fairplay and Sam Scully were racing side by side. As they crossed a hill they could see the crowd gathered around the finish line.

Scully stepped up the pace. He set his chin grimly as Frank stepped out in front of him.

Frank's throat was dry and hot and he felt a terrific pounding at the back of his head as he strained desperately to keep the lead.

Scully exerted every effort and succeeded in passing Frank. His face was drawn and his breathing was short and irregular. Frank smiled with satisfaction as he realized that his rival was in just as much difficulty as he.

Now Frank could distinguish the faces of the spectators as they shouted encouragement from the sidelines. Then he could see the finish line stretched across the roadway.

He gritted his teeth and surged forward. He was now abreast of Scully and his legs began to feel numb beneath him. Suddenly, he felt the ribbon break against his chest.

A wild cry rose from the crowd.

"Wakefield wins! He made it! Hurrah for Frank Fairplay!"

Frank staggered off the roadway and collapsed on the grass.

A few hours later Frank Fairplay walked into Will Maitland's room at the Hobertown General Hospital.

"How do you feel, Will?" he inquired.

"Oh, fine!" answered Maitland. "The Doc says I'll be tip-top in a few days!"

"How did the race go?" inquired Tom Patton excitedly. "Did one of our boys win?"

"You bet!" chuckled Frank.

"Too bad I was bitten by the snake, Frank," lamented Will. "I'm sorry. You would have won that race easily."

"I did win!" ejaculated Frank.

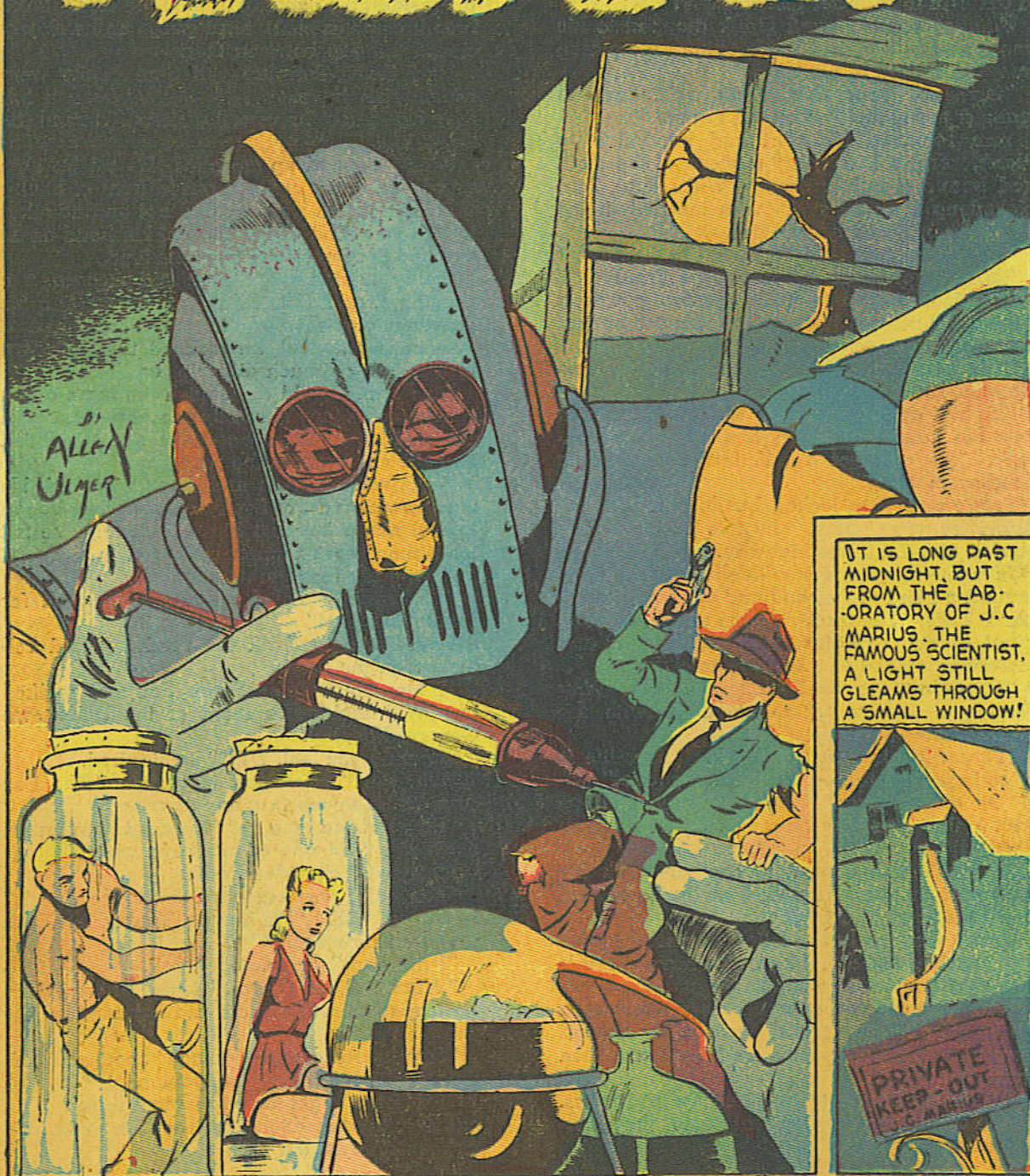
"What!" shouted Tom. "Yipee!" he cried as he leaped from his chair and bounded for the door.

"Say, where are you going?" shouted Frank Fairplay to his pudgy companion.

"I'm going to get three ice-cream cones. This calls for a celebration!" yelled Tom as he disappeared down the hall.

THE

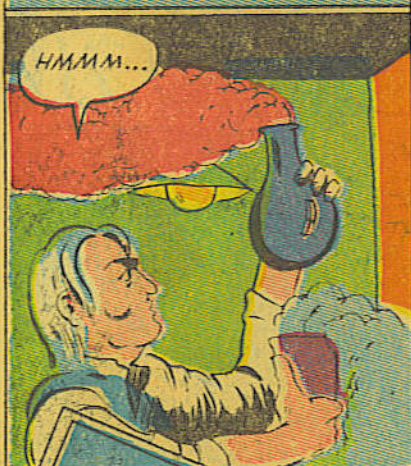
RAGMAN



IT IS LONG PAST MIDNIGHT, BUT FROM THE LABORATORY OF J.C. MARIUS, THE FAMOUS SCIENTIST, A LIGHT STILL GLEAMS THROUGH A SMALL WINDOW!



INSIDE, DR. MARIUS LABORS OVER HIS LATEST SCIENTIFIC INVENTION...



AAA--NOW--A LITTLE OF THIS ELEMENT Z, AND---



SUDDENLY THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH, AND DR. MARIUS IS HURLED TO THE FLOOR!



WHA--WHAT-- I FEEL SO-- SO STRANGE --!!--!



YIPES!--WHAT HAPPENED? I'VE--I'VE SHRUNK! I'M ONLY A MIDGET!



HA! HA! LOOK AT THE FAMOUS DR. MARIUS-- HO-HO! WHAT A SIGHT!



HA--FOR TEN YEARS I'VE BEEN WAITING TO PAY YOU BACK FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE--AND NOW--HA, HA--NOW--



LOOK MARIUS, THERE IS STILL SOME OF YOUR ELEMENT Z3 LEFT! HO HO, I'LL MAKE A FORTUNE MY DEAR BROTHER--A FORTUNE!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT A CAR DRIVES UP THE PRIVATE ROAD TO THE MARIUS ESTATE!



HE IS WORKING ON A NEW SERUM FOR THE GOVERNMENT THAT EASES PAIN TO WOUNDED VICTIMS OF WAR--HE CALLED ME YESTERDAY THAT HE WAS NEARLY FINISHED!



YASSUH! I SEE, AND HE WANTS YOU TO PROTECT HIM TILL THE GOVERNMENT TAKES IT OVER!



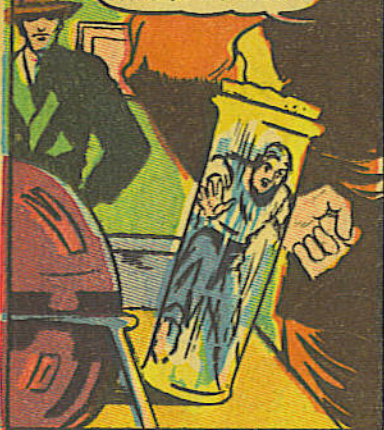
THAT'S RIGHT TINY--HEY, I WONDER WHERE HE IS?

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN--ARE YOU LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

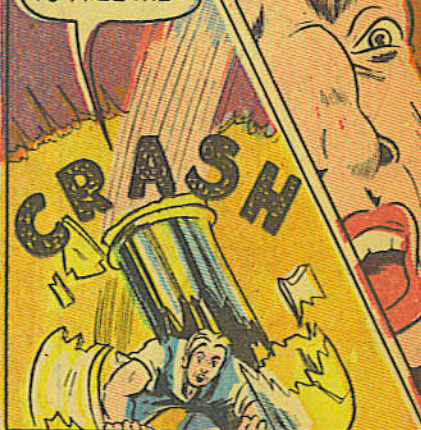
WHA--WHO ARE YOU?



I'M MARKO, DR. MARIUS' BROTHER--IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE DOCTOR, HE ISN'T HERE--HE LEFT TOWN EARLY THIS MORNING!



HELP--HELP! HE'S LYING! HE'S GOING TO KILL ME!



WHA--DR. MARIUS' WHAT HAPPENED?

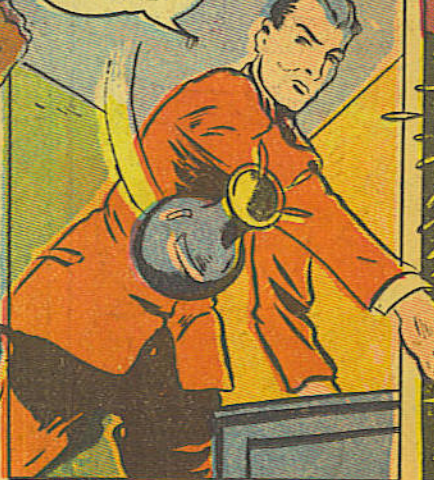
BAH!--YOU MEDDLING FOOLS--I'LL FIX YOU!



BUT THE ALERT TINY INTERCEPTS MARKO'S BLOW, AND SENDS HIM SPINNING ACROSS THE ROOM!



THIS WILL KEEP YOU BUSY FOR A WHILE!



THE HEAVY VIAL CRASHES AGAINST THE WALL SPRAYING THE RAG-MAN AND TINY WITH DEADLY.....



GRASPING UP THE MINATURE DR. MARIUS, MARKO STREAKS FROM THE HOUSE...

HA HA!
SO LONG
SUCKERS!

QUICK,
TINY--
FIND
SOME
WATER!

WOW, THAT WAS CLOSE--WE
WERE LUCKY THERE WAS
WATER NEARBY TO WASH OFF
THAT ACID--HOW ARE YOU?

O.K. MISTAH
RAG-MAN,
BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE
DAT MARKO
GOT AWAY!

YES, IT'LL TAKE A LONG TIME
TILL WE TRACK HIM DOWN--
BUT I WONDER WHAT HE'S
UP TO--WELL, TINY, WE
MUST GET TO WORK AT ONCE!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT
MADMAN!

A FEW
NIGHTS
LATER AT
15 MAIDEN
AVENUE, A
TINY
FIGURE
DRESSED
IN A
STRANGE
COSTUME,
CUTS A
SMALL
OPENING
IN THE
GLASS
OF A
FAMOUS
JEWELER'S
WINDOW!

HA! IT'S
THROUGH--
NOW TO
GET TO
WORK!

SILENTLY, THE SMALL
DOLL-LIKE FIGURE RAIDS
THE DISPLAY CASES OF
VALUABLE GEMS--

THE FOLLOWING
DAY, THE STRANGE
ROBBERY IS
BLASTED ON
NEWSPAPER
HEADLINES!

GLOBE
MILLION DOLLARS
IN GEMS STOLEN!
POLICE ARE BAFFLED BY
STRANGE ROBBERY!

"NEWS"
ONLY CLUE
HOLE CUT IN GLASS

BUT THE RAG-MAN AND
TINY ARE NOT IDLE--THEIR
CITY WIDE SEARCH HAS
NARROWED DOWN TO A
SMALL SECTION IN THE
SLUMS...

PSST--MISTAH
RAG-MAN!

WHAT'S UP
TINY?

THROUGH THE CRACKS
OF A BOARDED WINDOW,
THE RAG-MAN SEES--

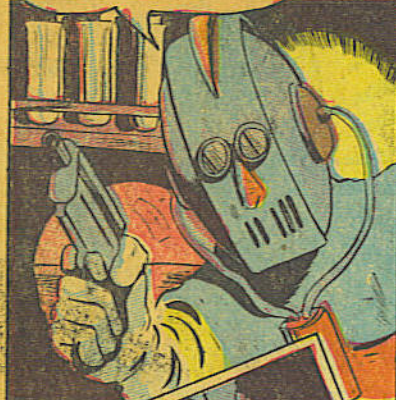
HOLY SMOKES--THAT
MUST BE HIM, TINY--
HE'S WEARING A
MASK--AND I'LL BET
YOU A NEW HAT HE
HAD SOMETHING
TO DO WITH THAT
JEWEL ROBBERY!

WELL, MARKO, WE
CAUGHT UP WITH
YOU AT LAST!

WHA--
HUH?

THE STARTLED MASKED MAN WHIRLS ON HIS INTRUDERS...

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE--I'LL FINISH YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL!



BUT AS THE RAG-MAN AND TINY LEAP IN FOR THE KILL, THEY ARE SPRAYED WITH A LIQUID FROM A WATER GUN!



WHAT TH-- WHAT IS THIS?

A MOMENT LATER, THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS SHRINK TO A DOLL-LIKE SIZE!



NOW WE ARE IN FOR IT, TINY!

MAN O'MAN, WHAT IS WE GONNA DO NOW?



HA, HA, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT RAG-MAN--YOU'RE QUITE HARM-LESS NOW, EH?

YOU THINK SO?

UNABLE TO FIGHT BACK, THE RAG-MAN AND TINY ARE PLACED IN A HUGE CAGE!

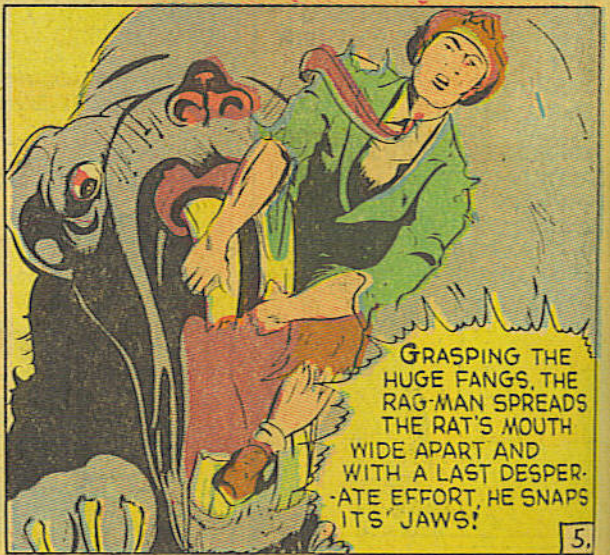
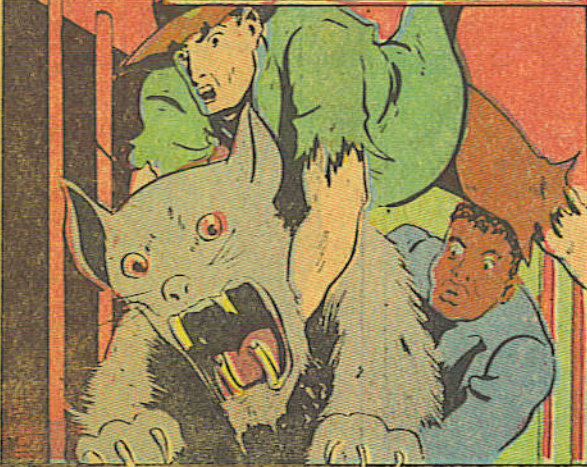
MY FRIENDS, I HAVE A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR YOU--LOOK BEHIND YOU!



WOW! A RAT!

YIEE!

BEFORE THE MONSTROUS RODENT CAN SPRING, THE RAG-MAN VAULTS ONTO ITS' BACK!



GRASPING THE HUGE FANGS, THE RAG-MAN SPREADS THE RAT'S MOUTH WIDE APART AND WITH A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, HE SNAPS ITS' JAWS!

NOW, TINY--THESE BARS-- WE'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT OF HERE!



THE BARS FINALLY SNAP AND THE TWO CRIME FIGHTERS STEP FROM THE CAGE!

THERE MUST BE AN ANTI-DOTE FOR THIS REDUCING SERUM-- LET'S LOOK!

YASSUH!



AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF SEARCHING, TINY FINDS -

THIS MUST BE IT, MISTAH RAG-MAN!

GOOD WORK, TINY, GOOD WORK!



INJECTING THE ANTIDOTE INTO THEIR VEINS, THE RAG-MAN AND TINY QUICKLY GROW BACK TO NORMAL SIZE!

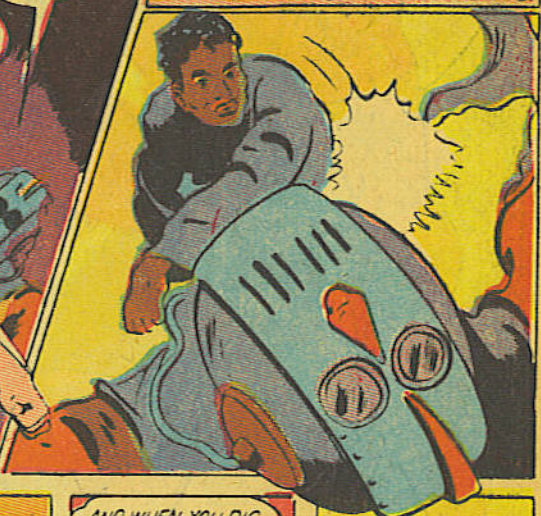


IT WORKED TINY-- NOW TO HUNT OUT THAT MADMAN!

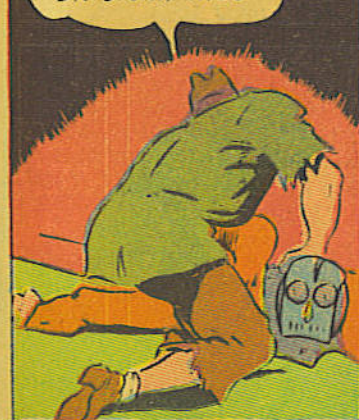
OH, OH, WE DON'T HASTA HUNT FAR, HERE HE COMES!

YOU--YOU'RE NOT DEAD-- WHA--! NO YOU FIEND BUT HERE'S SOMETHING YOU WISH YOU WERE!

TINY ALSO LEAPS AT THE MASKED MADMAN POUNDING AWAY WITH STUNNING BLOWS!



NICE GOING TINY-- NOW WE'LL TAKE OFF THIS MASK AND WE FIND DR. J.C. MARIUS!



MARIUS RECOVERS:

SURE I KILLED MARKO-- HE WAS FORCING ME TO ROB FOR HIM-- HE WAS MAKING A FORTUNE!



...AND WHEN YOU DISCOVERED AN ANTI-DOTE FOR THE REDUCING SERUM, YOU PUT MARKO OUT OF THE WAY SO YOU COULD CONTINUE ROBBING AND HAVE ALL THE PROFITS FOR YOURSELF.



DON'T MISS ANOTHER RAG-MAN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT CAT-MAN COMICS... AND DON'T FORGET BOYS AND GIRLS!!

BUY-- ALL THE DEFENSE STAMPS YOU CAN --AND HELP UNCLE SAM WIN THIS WAR!

VOLTON

ON THE HOME OF PHINEAS LARRAPY, A SUPPOSEDLY DYING MULTI-MILLIONAIRE:

(SNIFF) POOR PHINEAS, I HEAR THE DOCTOR SAYS HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THIS HEART ATTACK!

POOR PHINEAS -- I GUESS HE'S A GONER -- I HEAR HE LEFT ME THIRTY PERCENT OF HIS ESTATE!



HAARMFF! THOSE DARN BLASTED PARASITES -- DR. NEWTON, I THINK YOU'D BETTER BREAK THE NEWS OF MY RECOVERY VERY GENTLY TO THEM!

PHINEAS LARRAPY! GET BACK TO BED THIS INSTANT! YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL YOU LIVED THROUGH THAT HEART ATTACK!



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL CUT THEM ALL OFF WITHOUT A CENT! I'LL SPEND ALL MY MONEY BUILDING A BOYS CLUB ON MONMOUTH CORNERS!



HELLO, JOE MORGAN? CAN'T SELL YOU MONMOUTH CORNERS -- UNCLE LARRAPY PULLED THROUGH. MAYBE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!



NO PARKING
P.D.

KUBERT

LATER, AS PHINEAS SLIPS OUT THE BACK WAY--

PHINEAS, YOU SHOULD BE IN BED RESTING, INSTEAD OF RUNNING OUT LIKE THIS!

HEY MR. LARRAPY!

UPL! HE'S FUNNY LOOKING ENOUGH-- BUT I HOPE HE ISN'T A RELATIVE!

MR. LARRAPY, I'M JOE MORGAN-- I WANT TO BUY MONMOUTH CORNERS FROM YOU TO BUILD ME A WAREHOUSE!

I'M NOT SELLING MONMOUTH CORNERS -- I'M BUILDING A BOYS CLUB THERE!

I'LL HAVE THE MILLS CONSTRUCTION CO. START TO WORK IMMEDIATELY!

SO LARRAPY IS GOING TO WASTE MONMOUTH CORNERS ON A BUNCH OF KIDS, WHEN I NEED IT TO BUILD A WAREHOUSE TO STORE ALL OUR HOT STUFF!

HE SAID MILLS CONSTRUCTION CO.-- I USETA BE THEIR FOREMAN-- I THINK I'LL GO BACK AND GET ME OLD JOB BACK!

I GET IT! YOU'LL BE THE FOREMAN AND WHEN OLD LARRAPY COMES TO EXAMINE THE JOB...

A LITTLE ACCIDENT AND THEN THEY'LL SAY--POOR LARRAPY, HE GOT A SUDDEN HEART ATTACK AND FELL TO HIS DEATH!

HYA, FOREMAN, WHATCHA DOING UP HERE?

SNAP
THIS OUGHT TO START SOMETHING!

WHAT'S HAPPENED? OHH-- IT'S TOM!

AIEEEe:

JUST CHECKING, BOYS!

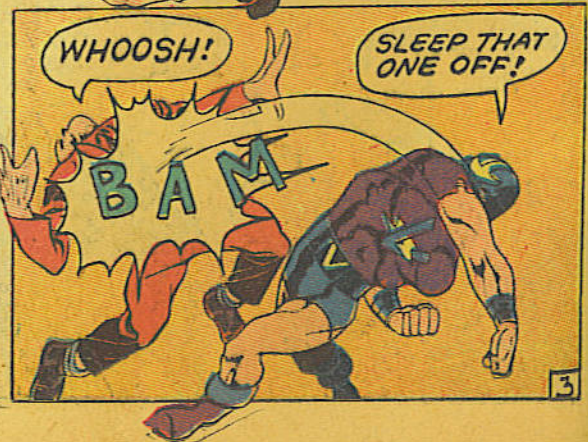
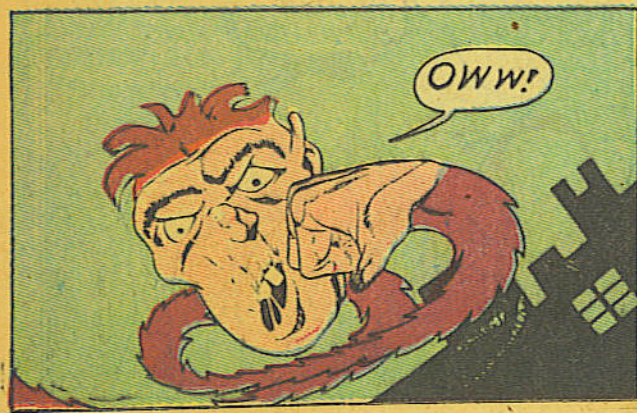
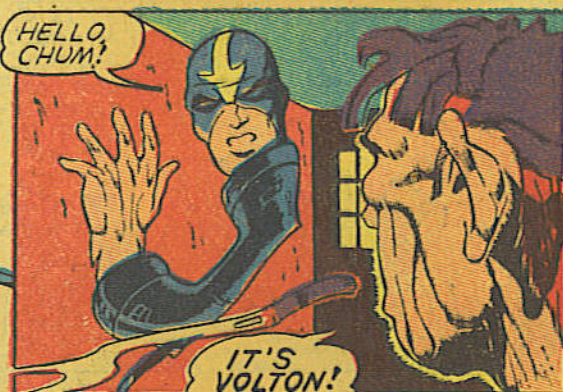
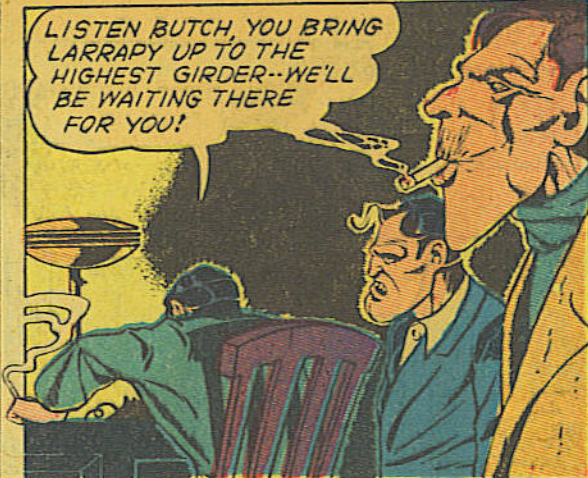
WEEKS LATER, WE SEE JOE MORGAN'S LIEUTENANT AS FOREMAN ON THE MONMOUTH CORNERS BOYS CLUB JOB!

A SHORT WHILE LATER:

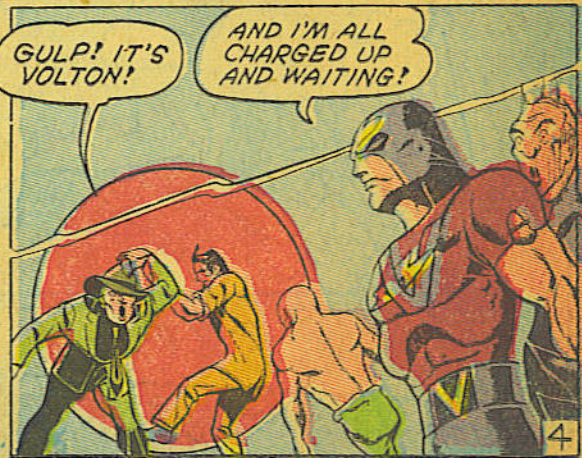
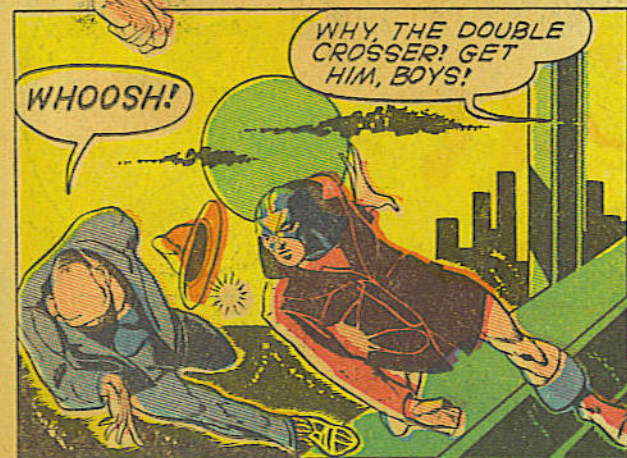
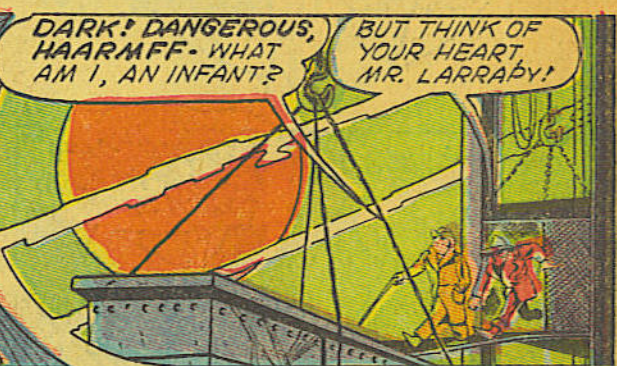
THE MEN THINK TOM'S DEATH WAS DUE TO CHEAP SUPPLIES--THEY WON'T CONTINUE UNTIL OLD LARRAPY EXAMINES THE STUFF!

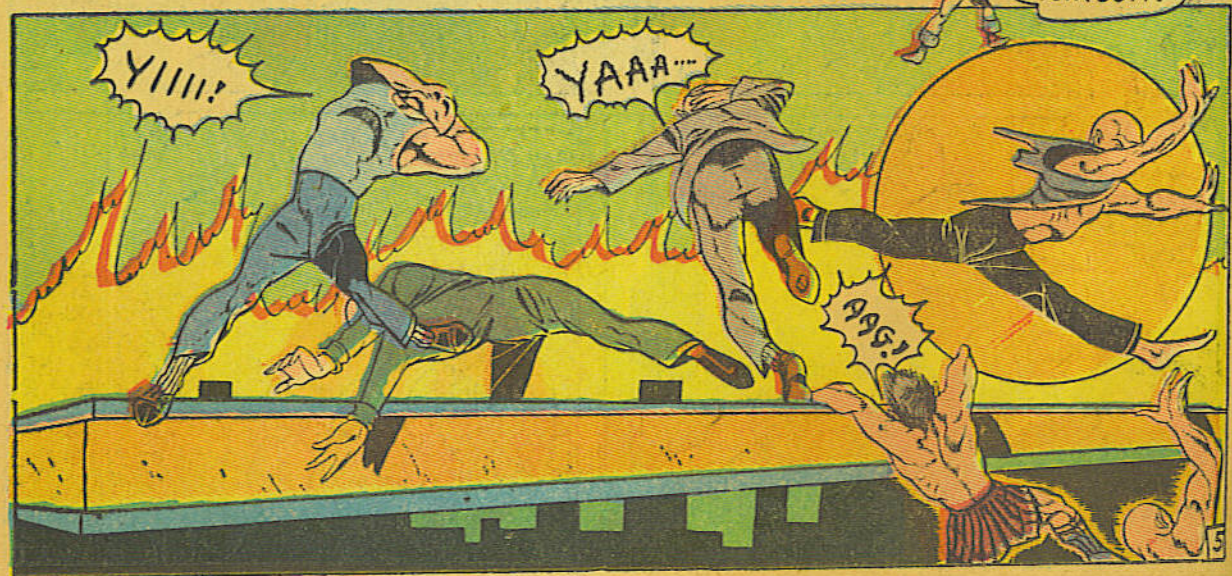
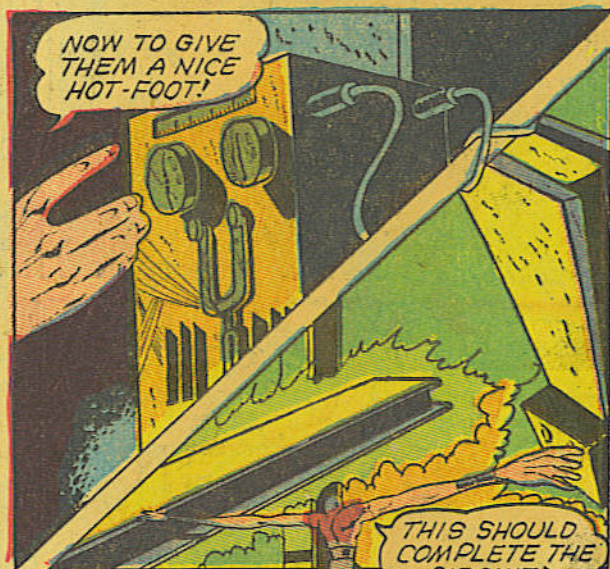
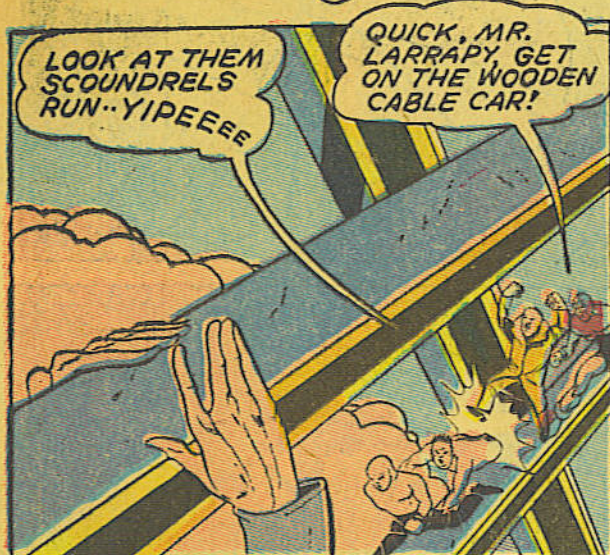
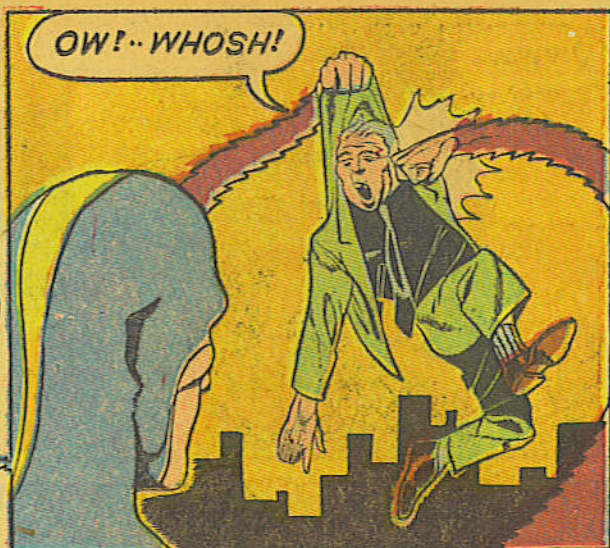
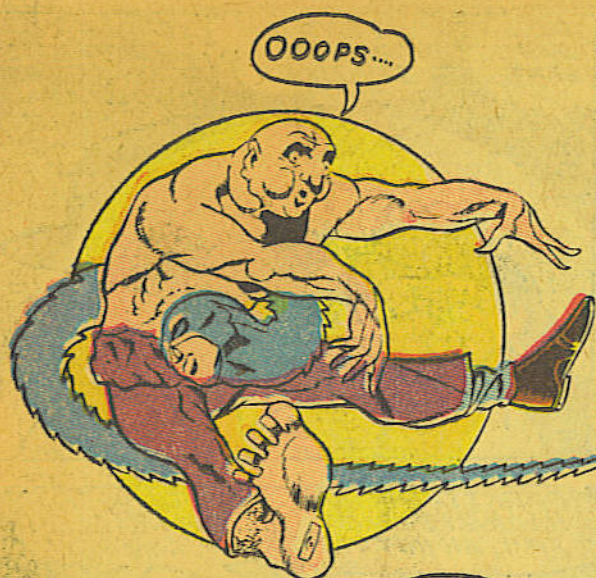
AND WE'RE GOING TO TELL HIM OURSELVES!

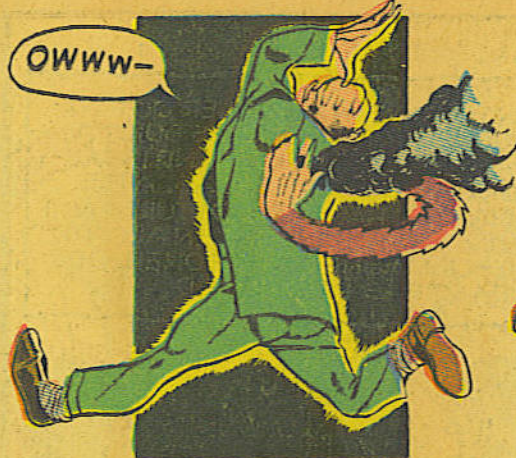
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY AIN'T YOU GUYS WORKING?



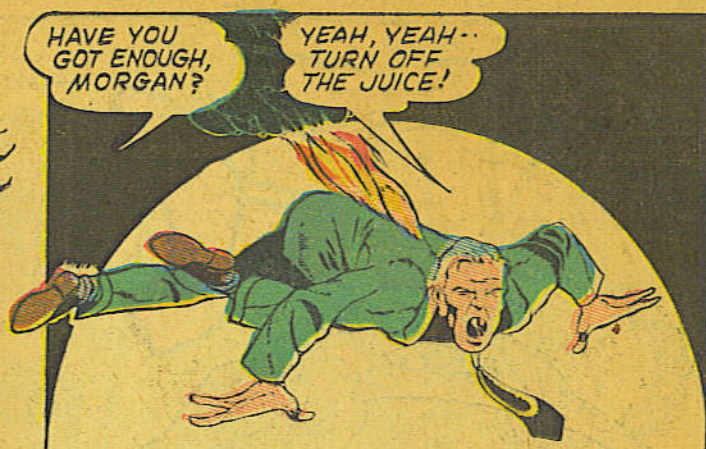
SOMETIME LATER, PHINEAS ARRIVES AT
MONMOUTH CORNERS...







OWWW--



HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH, MORGAN?

YEAH, YEAH--
TURN OFF
THE JUICE!



LATER-- AS THE POLICE
MARCH OFF WITH THE
MORGAN GANG!

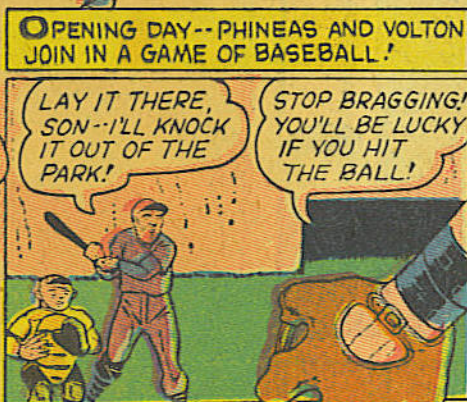
THE JUICE YOU GAVE
THOSE KILLERS IS
ONLY A SAMPLE OF
WHAT'S WAITING
FOR THEM!

WELL, I GUESS YOU DON'T
NEED ME ANYMORE--YOU
CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE
CONSTRUCTION OF THE
BOYS CLUB!



OH YES I WILL--
I'LL NEED YOU ON
OPENING DAY! OF
THE CLUB!

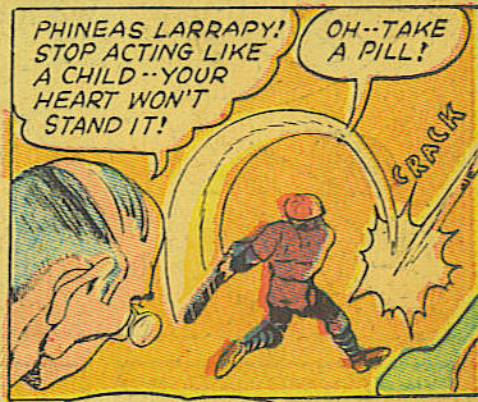
O.K. I'LL
SEE YOU
THEN!



OPENING DAY-- PHINEAS AND VOLTON
JOIN IN A GAME OF BASEBALL!

LAY IT THERE,
SON--I'LL KNOCK
IT OUT OF THE
PARK!

STOP BRAGGING!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY
IF YOU HIT
THE BALL!



PHINEAS LARRAPY!
STOP ACTING LIKE
A CHILD--YOUR
HEART WON'T
STAND IT!

OH--TAKE
A PILL!



HE SURE CAN
CLOUT 'EM, DOC!

YIPEE! IT'S
A HOMER!



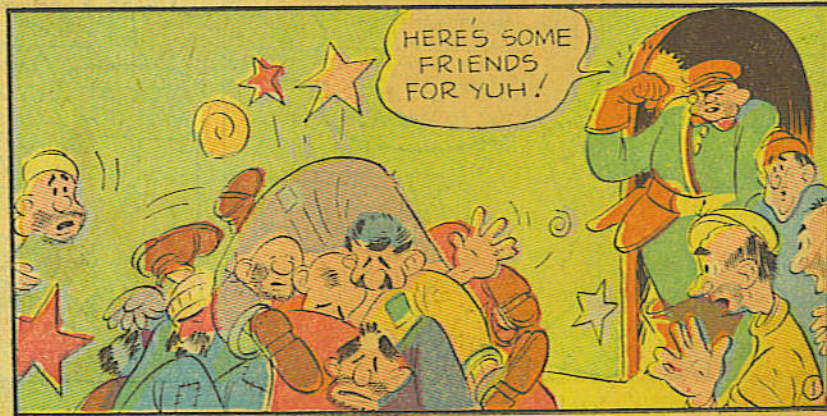
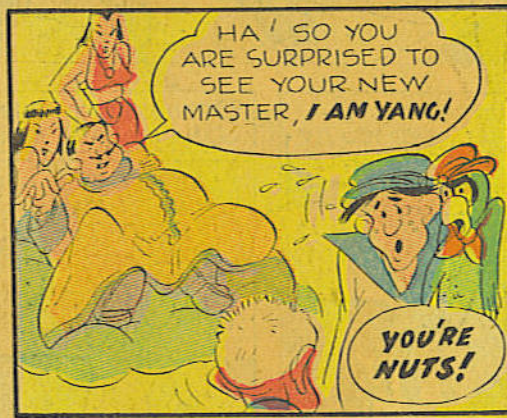
LOOK AT
HIM GO!

HE'LL PROBABLY
OUTLIVE ALL OF
US--AND WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE
HIS HEIRS?

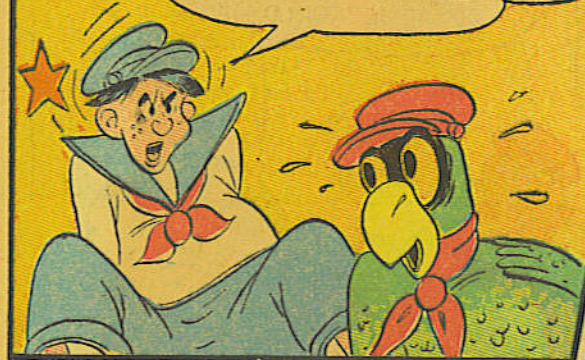
KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN
FOR ANOTHER
THRILLING
ADVENTURE
WITH THAT
ONE MAN
DYNAMO--
VOLTON
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
CAT-MAN
GOMIGS!

ALEC

YANG, A POWER-MAD RULER OUT TO CONQUER THE WORLD, HAS BUILT A GIANT SUBMARINE FLEET AND IS TAKING CONTROL OF THE SEAS. A U.S. FREIGHTER HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND AFTER THE CREW IS TAKEN ABOARD THE SUBMARINE AS PRISONERS, THE STEAMER IS DESTROYED.



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? ALWAYS
GETTING ME INTO TROUBLE!
KEEP YOUR BIG MOUTH SHUT
ONCE IN A WHILE!



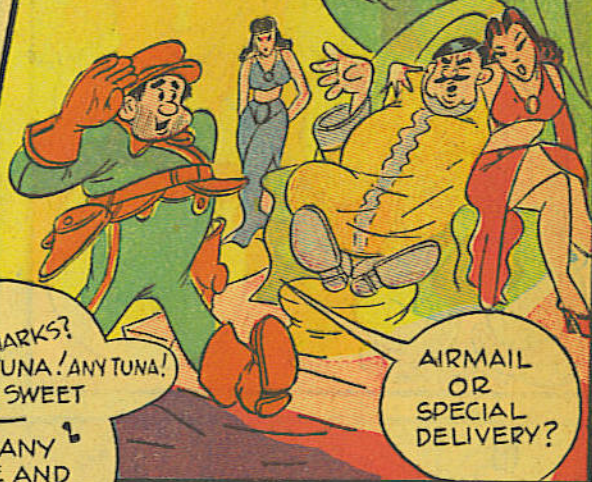
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS
IMPUDENCE, YOU SWAB! I'VE
A MIND TO FEED YOU TO THE
SHARKS!



SHARKS? SHARKS?
WE LIKE TUNA! ANYTUNA!
SOMETHING SWEET
AND SOFT—
LIKE—[♪] MANY
THE BRAVE AND
ASLEEP IN THE
DEEP—[♪] 50000!!
[♪] [♪]

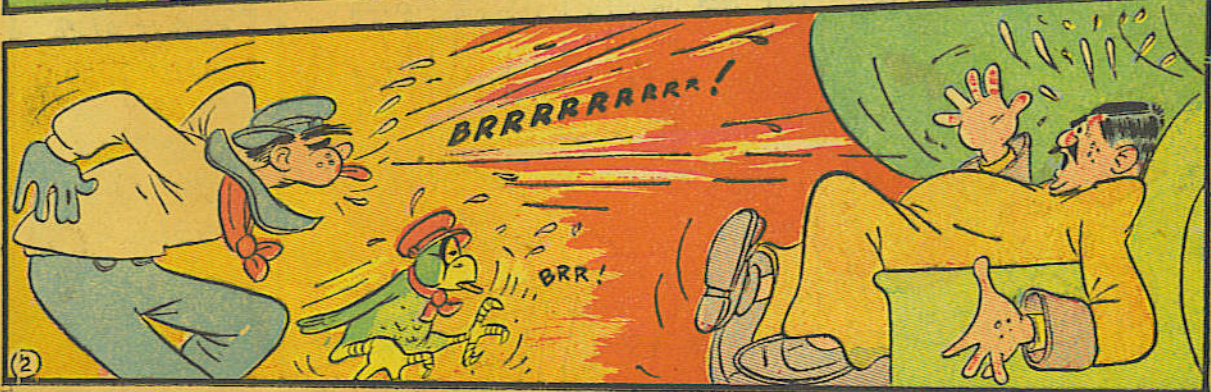
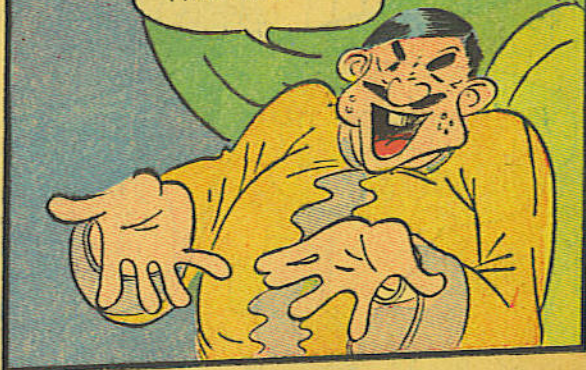
SOME DAYS LATER

GRRRRMPH! SEND ME THAT
BIG MOUTHED SAILOR!



AIRMAIL
OR
SPECIAL
DELIVERY?

HA! HA! THAT BIRD'S
FUNNY! HA! HA! HARRUMPH!
GIVE ME THE BIRD
HA! HA!



WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF THIS?

?

YOU ASKED
FOR THE
BIRD!

GRRRR! TAKE 'EM AWAY,
PUT 'EM IN IRONS!

WOE! WOE! WOE! THAT'S
ALL YOU BRING ME!
IS **WOE!**

♪ I GUESS
I'M JUST A BIRD
IN A GILDED
CAGE ♪

READ MORE
ABOUT ALEC
AND THE
REIGN OF
YANG IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF..

**CAT-MAN
COMICS**

DON'T
MISS!

The New

CAT-MAN

WATCH

for

THIS
COVER



featuring
The DEACON
THE NATION-WIDE
THRILL FAVORITE
with "MICKEY"



AMERICA'S

GREATEST FAST
ACTION ADVENTURE STORIES

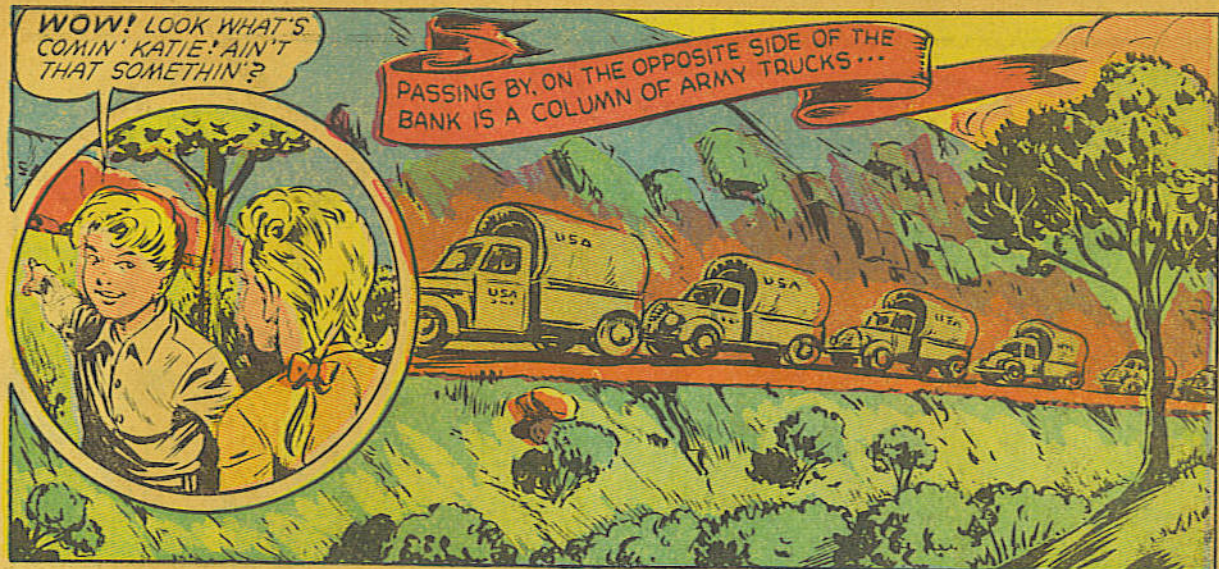
on
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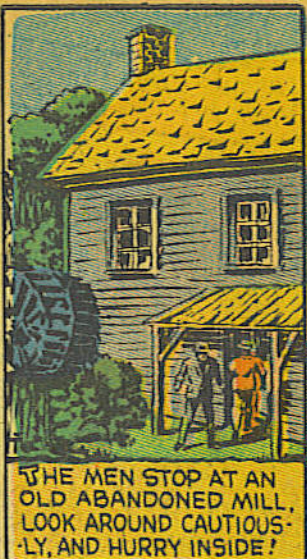
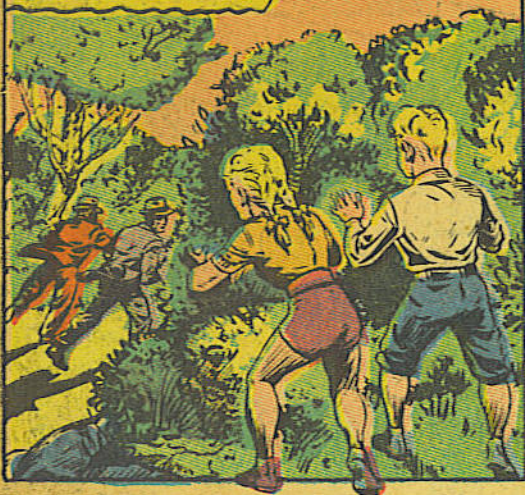
Pittle Leaders

Starring
MICKEY and The KITTEN





DODGING BEHIND BUSHES AND ROCKS, KATIE AND MICKEY TRAIL AFTER THE SUSPICIOUS PAIR!



THE MEN STOP AT AN OLD ABANDONED MILL, LOOK AROUND CAUTIOUSLY, AND HURRY INSIDE!

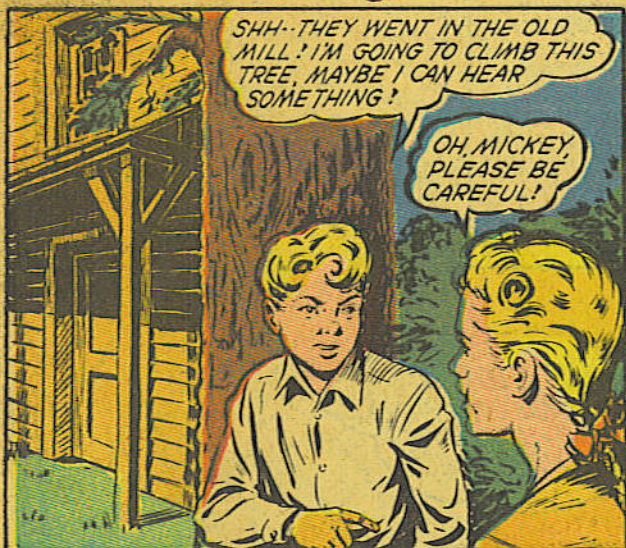
THE BOSS IS GOING TO BE PLENTY SORE FOR MUFFING THAT JOB!

IT WASN'T OUR FAULT, IT WAS THEM BLASTED KIDS!



SHH...THEY WENT IN THE OLD MILL. I'M GOING TO CLIMB THIS TREE, MAYBE I CAN HEAR SOMETHING!

OH, MICKEY, PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

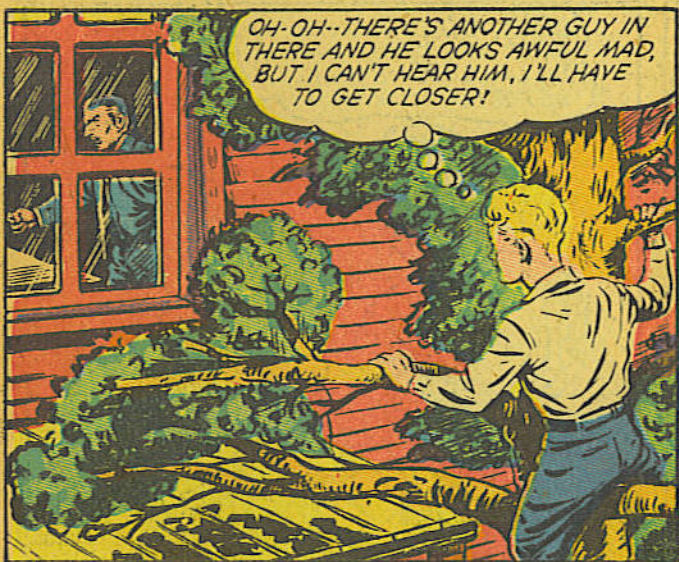


YOU STUPID OXEN! WHY DIDN'T YOU DO IT ANYHOW! WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M PAYING YOU FOR?

BUT THE KIDS SEEN US!



OH-OH--THERE'S ANOTHER GUY IN THERE AND HE LOOKS AWFUL MAD, BUT I CAN'T HEAR HIM, I'LL HAVE TO GET CLOSER!



YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN CARE OF THEM LATER! HEY, WHAT'S THAT?



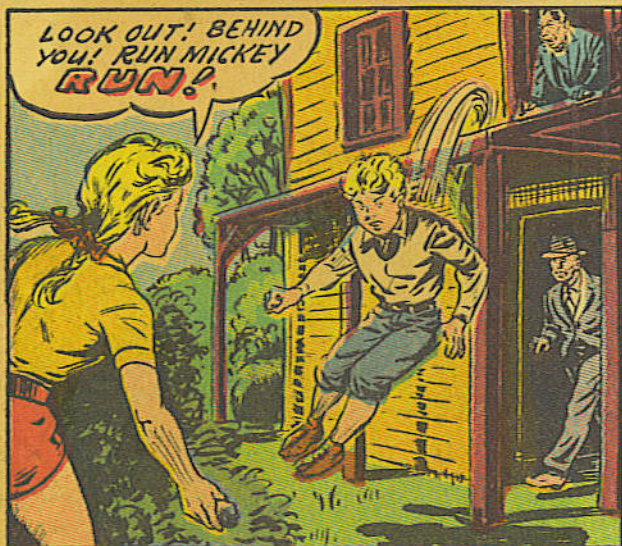
POOR MICKEY--HE CRAWLED A LITTLE TOO FAR OUT
ON THE OLD AND ROTTED LIMB!



AS HIS COHORTS TRY TO REACH
MICKEY FROM THE WINDOW, ONE OF
THE MEN DASHES DOWNSTAIRS TO
PREVENT HIM FROM ESCAPING!



LOOK OUT! BEHIND
YOU! RUN MICKEY
RUN!



OWWWW!

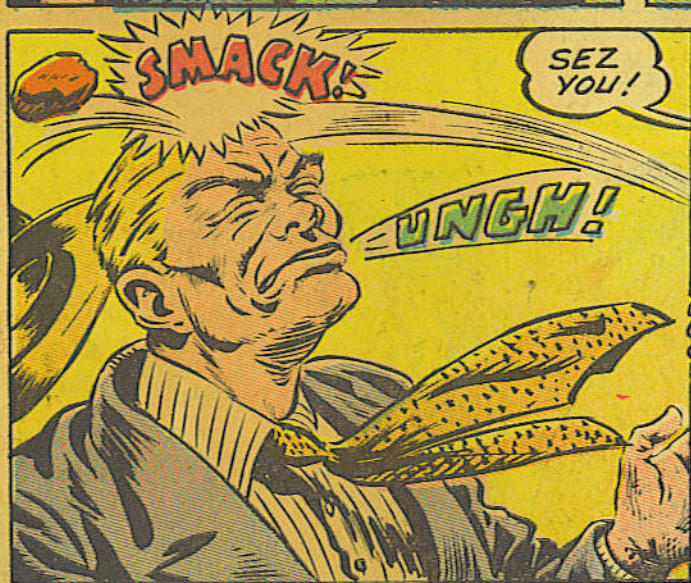
GOTCHA!
YU BRAT!



SMACK!

SEZ
YOU!

UNGH!



GOOD PITCHING,
KITTEN! GOSH,
HE DARN NEAR
HAD ME!

LESS TALKING
AND MORE
RUNNING OR
THEY WILL GET
US!



LET 'EM GO! WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE ON THEM-- THE SECOND SECTION OF THAT CONVOY WILL BE ALONG IN THREE MINUTES! C'MON!

OOHH!
MY HEAD!

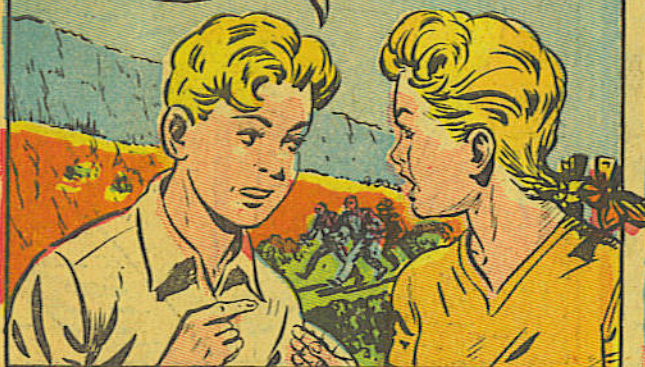


THOSE KIDS WON'T DARE COME BACK HERE--HURRY UP, STEP ON IT!



THOSE GUYS MUST HAVE BEEN UP TO SOMETHING BACK THERE! BUT WHEN WE HOLLERED AT THE SOLDIERS, IT MUST HAVE SCARED THEM AWAY!

SHH--LOOK, THEY'RE GOING BACK AGAIN!



MOVE--GET THIS BRUSH OUT OF THE WAY--THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE NOW!

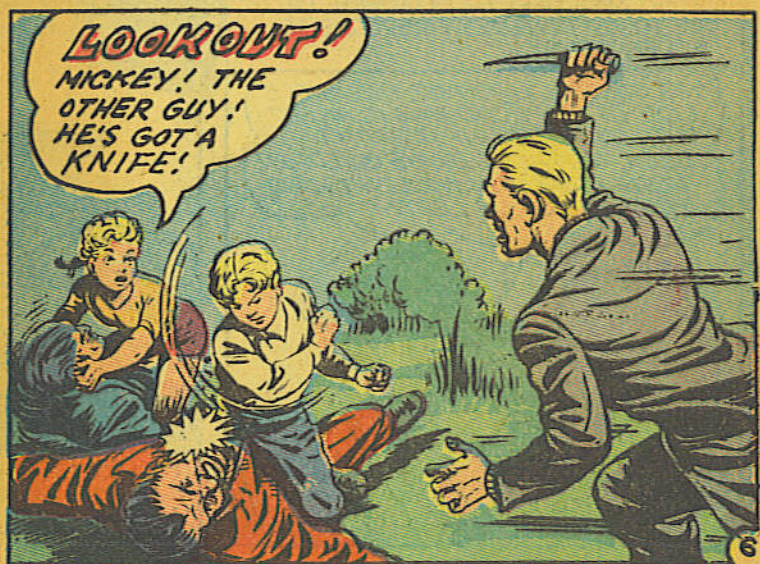
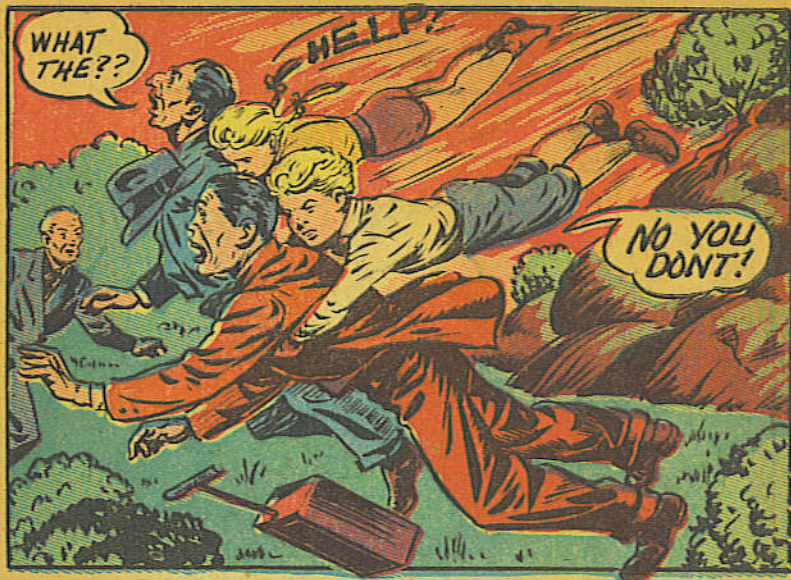


HERE THEY COME--GET READY ON THAT DETONATOR!

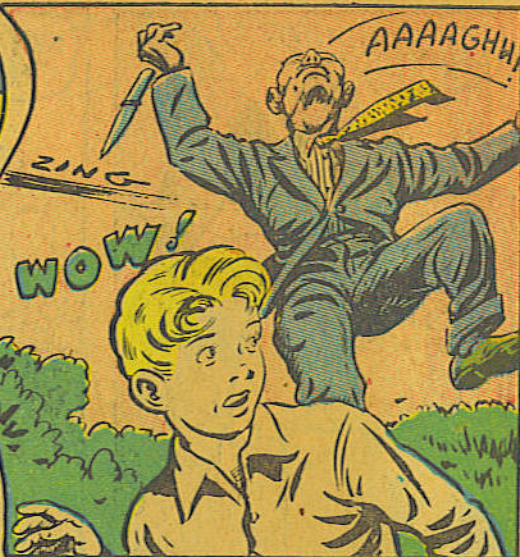
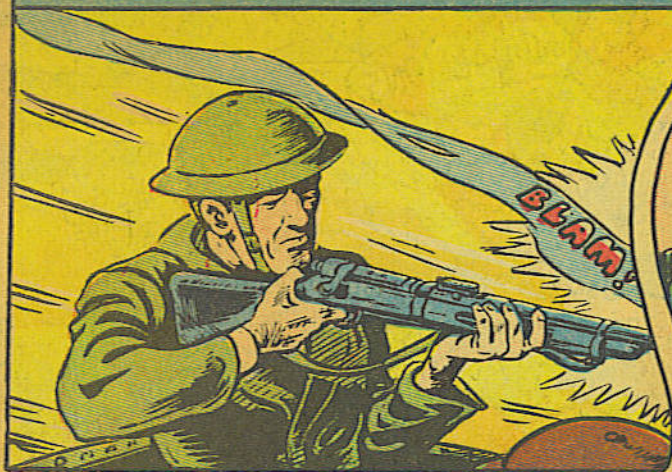


WOW! BLASTING EQUIPMENT! THEY'RE SPIES!--THEY'RE GONNA BLOW UP THE ROAD WHEN THE SOLDIERS RIDE OVER IT! WE GOTTA STOP 'EM!

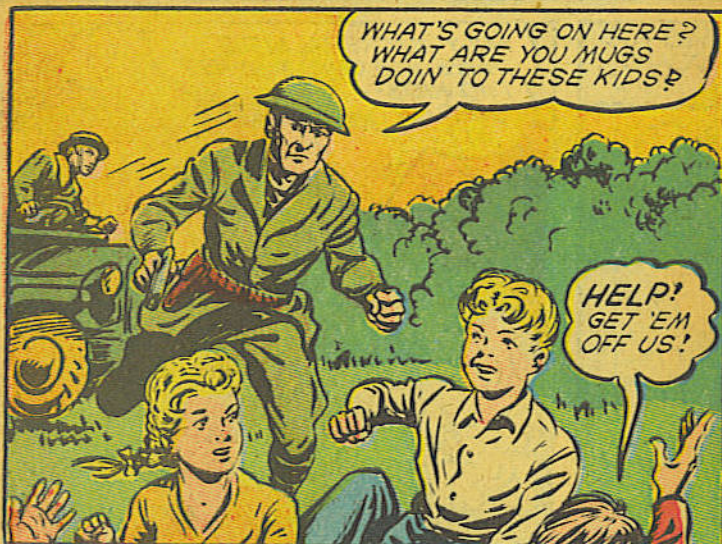




BUT A SOLDIER ON THE BOUNCING JEEP ALSO SEES MICKEY'S PREDICAMENT--HE JERKS HIS RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER AND FIRES!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHAT ARE YOU MUGS
DOIN' TO THESE KIDS?



THEY'RE SABOTEURS! THEY
WERE GOIN' TO BLOW UP THE
ROAD AND DESTROY ALL
OF YOU!



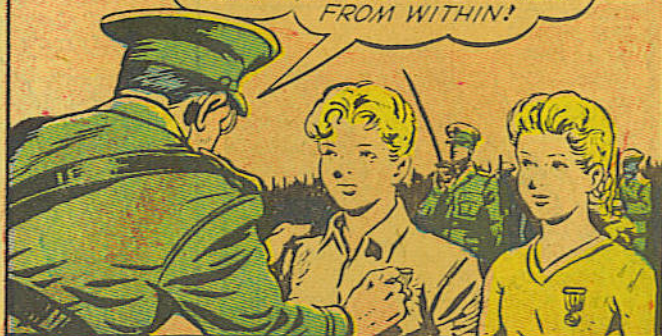
LATER... THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF
THE TROOP MOVEMENT REPORTS TO
HIS SUPERIOR...

YES, GENERAL LIPOWSKI, THE WHOLE
SIDE OF THE ROAD WAS PLANTED
WITH DYNAMITE--IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR THOSE BRAVE CHILDREN,
THERE PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE
BEEN ONE OF US LEFT!

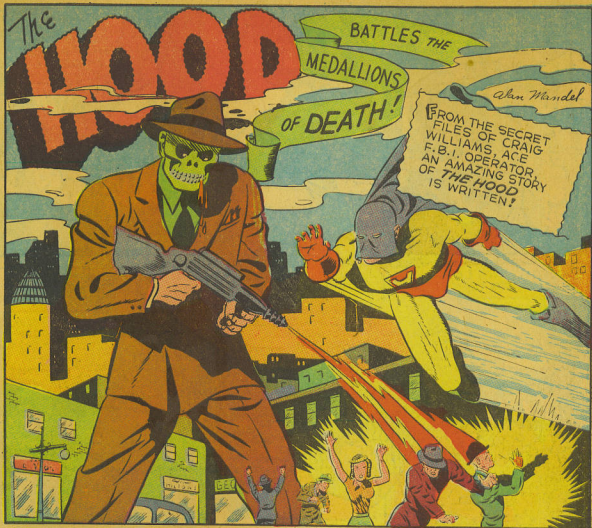


STILL
LATER!

IN PRESENTING THESE DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE MEDALS, I'M PROUD TO SAY
THAT WITH YOUNGSTERS LIKE YOU,
ON THE JOB, AMERICA NEED NEVER
FEAR THE ACTS OF ENEMIES
FROM WITHIN!



FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THESE TWO
SWELL YOUNGSTERS! "Little Leaders" APPEAR
EVERY MONTH IN THE Sensational **CATMAN** Comics.



A MEMBER OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT RECEIVES A NEWLY MANUFACTURED MEDAL!

FAUST, I SEE YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE MEDAL FOR MR. HOBART!

YES, KRIMMER I HAVE WORKED HARD ON THIS ONE! IT'S A MEDAL I'LL NEVER FORGET!

MR. HOBART, AS A REWARD FOR YOUR BRILLIANT DIPLOMATIC WORK, THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AWARDS YOU THIS MEDAL!

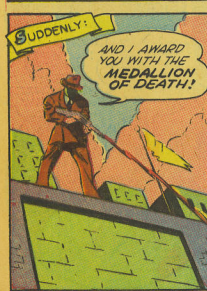
I'LL BE HONORED TO WEAR IT!

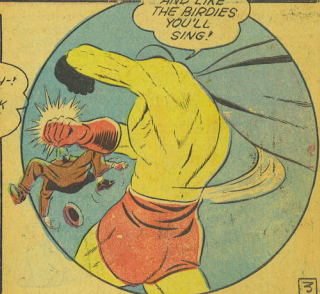
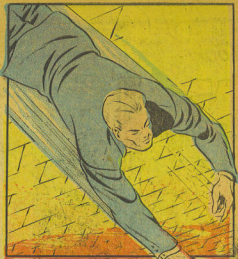
THAT EVENING AT THE HOBART HOME!

GOSH, I'M PROUD OF YOU DADDY! WHAT A PRETTY MEDAL!

I'M GLAD YOUR EFFORTS WERE SO DEEPLY APPRECIATED, JOHN!

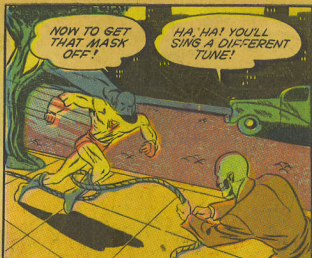






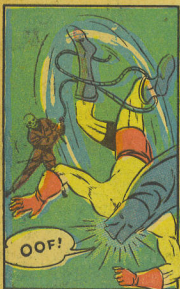


PARDON MY
GLOVE,
RALSEY
WALSEY!



NOW TO GET
THAT MASK
OFF!

HA, HA! YOU'LL
SING A DIFFERENT
TUNE!



OOF!



HA! EVEN THE
HOOD IS NO
MATCH FOR
ME!



CRAIG, I'M
ASSIGNING
YOU TO THE
MEDALLION
OF DEATH
CASE, AND
I WANT
RESULTS!

I'LL DO MY
BEST CHIEF!
HE DOESN'T
KNOW I'M
ALREADY ON
THE CASE AS
THE HOOD!



HELLO
SALZA,
WHAT
BRINGS
YOU
HERE?

CHIEF, I
WANT
PERMISSION
TO RAID A
CERTAIN
BIG SHOT'S
OFFICE!

HMM,
MUST
BE SOME-
THING
BIG, EH?

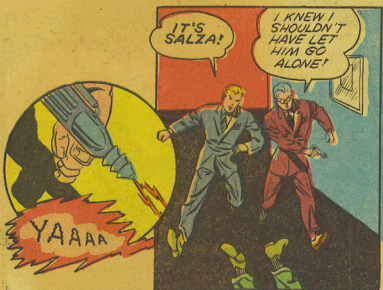
IF I FIND WHAT
I'M LOOKING
FOR, THE KEY
TO THE MEDAL-
LION MURDERS
WILL BE
FOUND!

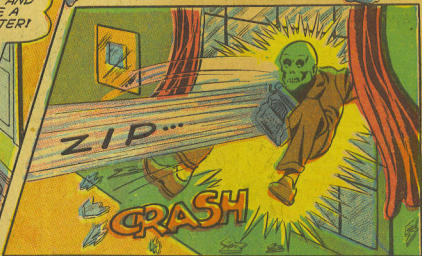
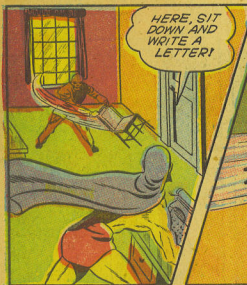
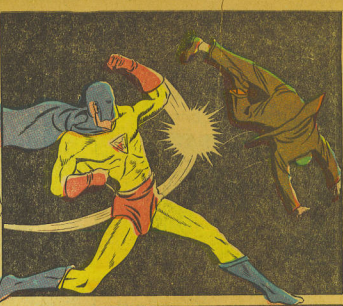
WELL, IN
THAT CASE
GO AHEAD!



HELLO, CHIEF.
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
FOR YOU AND
YOUR BOYS!

WELL, IT
MUST BE
CHRISTMAS.
WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT
SANTA?

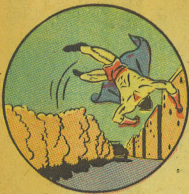




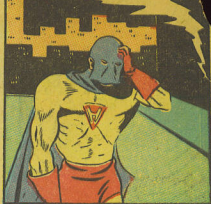
BUT SUDDENLY, THE
MASKED KILLER MAKES
A SHARP TURN!

HEY!

END OF
THE LINE,
HOOD --
ALL OFF!



...MUSIC... LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN!
A SPECIAL BULLETIN
FROM THE WHITE
HOUSE!



THE PRESIDENT IS
GOING TO ACCEPT
A STATE DEPART-
MENT MEDAL TO
EXPLODE THE
MEDALLION OF
DEATH MYTH!

GLORY BE! I MUST
NOT FAIL THIS
TIME. THE MASKED
KILLER MUST BE
STOPPED OR THE
PRESIDENT WILL
BE THE NEXT
VICTIM!

LATER -- AT THE
WHITE HOUSE...

MR. PRESIDENT,
IN THE NAME
OF THE ALLIED
GOVERNMENTS,
I GIVE YOU
THIS MEDAL!

THANK YOU,
MY FRIENDS,
I'LL WEAR IT
UNTIL WE
CRUSH THE
AXIS!



SUDDENLY --

WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

IT'S THE MASK OF
DEATH! READY
TO STRIKE HIS
GREATEST BLOW
FOR THE LEADER!

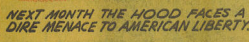
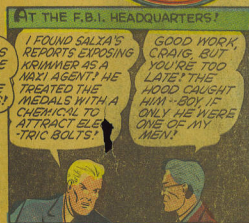
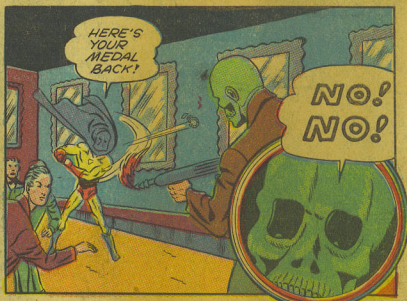
BAM
CRASH



DEATH TO
THE ENEMY
OF THE
FEUHRER!

THAT'S
WHAT
YOU THINK
LOUDMOUTH!





What Amazing Light



you have seen?

WOLFE
DISCLOSE

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

THE TRUTH

